

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

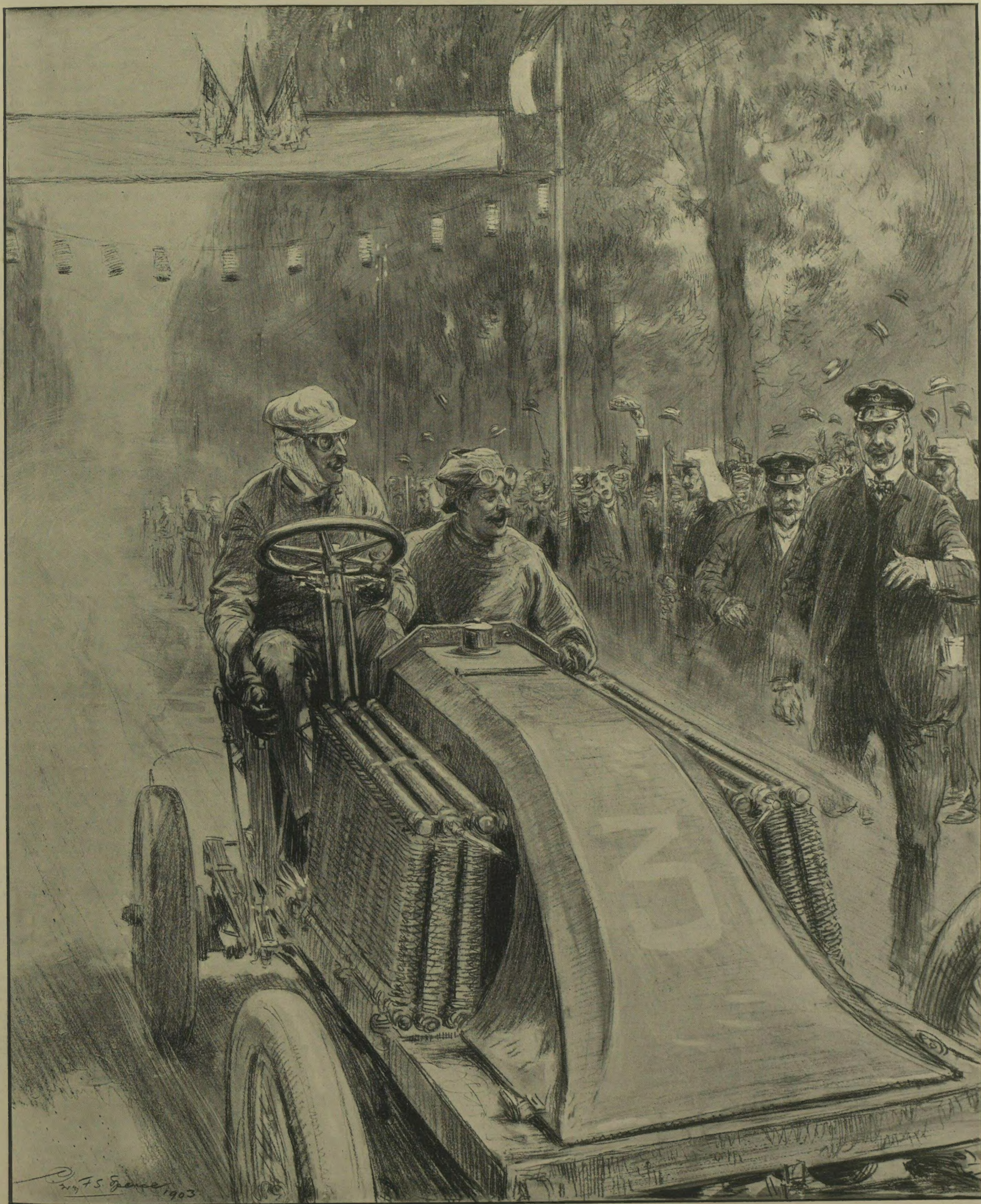
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THE PREMATURE END OF THE PARIS-MADRID AUTOMOBILE RACE: THE ARRIVAL AT BORDEAUX OF THE FIRST CAR, DRIVEN BY M. LOUIS RENAULT

DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

M. Louis Renault, the winner of the light car contest in the earliest and only section of the race run, was the first to arrive at Bordeaux. There he heard of the terrible accident which had befallen his brother, M. Marcel Renault, and immediately turned back to go to his assistance. The best time to Bordeaux (5 h. 13 min. 31 1-3 sec.) was made by M. Gabriel with his heavy Mors car, in a race so disastrous that the French and Spanish Governments summarily prohibited its continuance.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

I suppose we have all dreamed of what we should do if we came into a million. My particularly modest fancy has always been that I should pursue my work, varied with brief excursions. M. Fournier, I am glad to notice, is of the same mind. Only he does not "dream": he grasps the solid fact of a million and a half. A week or two ago he was a humble journalist—as humble as a journalist can be at the age of two-and-twenty. He had a fancy for painting; and a portrait of Madame Sarah Bernhardt, while it did not set the Seine on fire, so inflamed the mind of an Australian millionaire that he left his fortune to the artist. There are secondary wonders in the story, such as a sudden friendship with a Count, whose daughter this lucky young gentleman is about to wed. Do you suspect something uncanny in that portrait of Sarah Bernhardt? Is it possible that the canvas is Balzac's talisman, the shagreen skin, in another form? The owner of that shortened his life with every wish; for as the *peau de chagrin* shrank, his vitality shrank with it. His end was not edifying. Let us hope that M. Fournier does not owe his good fortune to this kind of magic, and that he will make a better use of wealth than the reckless gentleman in Balzac.

Certainly he has begun well, for when the interviewers waited on him he did not receive them in a richly embroidered smoking-jacket. I gather that he rather disappointed them by his simplicity. He had bought nothing to speak of except a comfortable house to live in; and he cheerfully remarked that this transaction had left him with fivepence in his pocket. As for luxuries, he owned in a hesitating way that he had thought of a motor-car; but his dominant idea was that his professional work was still good enough. The interviewers leave us to imagine their amazement. Here was a young man who had suddenly acquired about sixty thousand pounds a year, so little expected that it might as well have dropped from the skies; and he talked of going on with journalism! Need I say that I applaud this noble resolve? It shows M. Fournier to be that rare philosopher, the man who refuses to run the risk of satiety. A very few months of life on the scale of sixty thousand a year would weary him of every spectacle, and especially of every *menu*. I like to think of M. Fournier pursuing the noiseless tenor of his way as if nothing particular had happened; enjoying the old simple pleasures, eating and drinking of the second best five days a week, so as to appreciate the best on the remaining two. That, I think, would be a rational concession to an immense income, and to the clamour of his friends, who might otherwise vote him a parsimonious prig.

As for the motor-car, I trust M. Fournier will deny himself that indulgence after the exhibition on the road from Paris to the Spanish frontier. Racing has hitherto been a reasonable sport, because it was confined to special tracks and enclosures. But motor-car racing on the highways of France has developed into a form of suicide and homicide. I should be sorry to see a young man of M. Fournier's promise seduced into this delirium of speed, which seems to affect some minds as the excessive use of alcohol or drugs affects others. It is a peculiar sensation which you do not feel in the fastest train, because in that you are always conscious of being on solid earth. But in the motor-car you are unconscious of the touch of earth, and have the feeling of flight through the air. It is an intoxication which, at the highest pitch, seems to make a man reckless of his own life and of other people's lives. Horses used to be considered dangerous to young men who had come into money; but the race-horse, at the worst, was a temptation to betting, not to sudden death. Your horse did not kill you, the jockey, and a handful of spectators. This supreme glory is reserved for the racing motor. I beg M. Fournier to have none of it.

If the motor-car had not been invented, the humble bicycle might have sufficed even for a new millionaire. I can see M. Fournier tranquilly riding through Touraine, and "scorching" now and then, with a wicked delight in startling old peasant women by ringing his bell. How remote already seem the times when the "scorcher" was denounced as a destroyer of nerves! Nobody marks him now, "scorch" he never so madly. The contempt he bestowed on the pedestrian is now his bitter portion at the hands of the motorian. That is why I trust M. Fournier will not try to content himself with cycling, for even his unambitious bosom may be stirred to unwholesome rivalry by the pace which leaves him toiling behind in clouds of dust. It is safer to walk, or to take the air in a dogcart on unfrequented roads. I would suggest a steam-yacht to M. Fournier, for it is noteworthy that owners of steam-yachts do not care for speed, and have no desire to race. They saunter gently from port to port, and never dream of wresting cups from confident rivals. The affluent journalist

might take his recreation in this way, without any danger of sinking into the melancholy which afflicted Guy de Maupassant on the sea.

I have still another idea, for sixty thousand a year is a fruitful subject. M. Fournier's love of journalism means, no doubt, an ardent attachment to his professional brethren. It is a sentiment which cannot be restricted to one country. This pleasant philosopher, I understand, was born and educated in London. He knows that want of pence which vexes the public benefactors who write for our papers. Why not let his income go the round of the Press, like the familiar anecdote, and the private opinions of statesmen? An international committee might arrange to give all of us, in turn, that sixty thousand for one year. It would satisfy our simple wants; it would be an absolutely original piece of philanthropy, which would eclipse for ever Mr. Carnegie and his free libraries. Besides, it would interest M. Fournier profoundly to see how many journalists who are in the habit of criticising the use of wealth would rise superior, when it came their way, to the weakness of—

Compounding sins they are inclined to
By damning those they have no mind to.

(A correspondent, by the way, who asks me the source of that famous couplet will find it in Butler's "Hudibras.") I am sure this proposal will commend itself to M. Fournier so strongly that he will start the experiment by honouring me with his quarterly receipts for the year 1904. Such a notable transaction cannot fail to attract the attention of Australian millionaires. Look out, then, for another shower of beneficence in a quarter not far from the Strand. It will confound the cynic who wrote, "When the sky falls we shall catch larks."

It was one of Max O'Rell's convictions that England was the only really free country. He was fond of impressing this on his own compatriots and on Americans; and I do not know whether the Americans or the French liked it the less. When M. Paul Bourget wrote a book on society in America, and made some perfectly harmless remarks about American ladies at Newport—their perfect propriety, and their strange habit of wearing diamonds at breakfast—Mark Twain declared that the honour of his countrywomen had been impeached by a writer of improper novels. Here was a sense in which America was not a free country—free, that is to say, for the foreign observer who wanted to state his impressions frankly and urbanely. Max O'Rell had written much about English institutions without being charged with impertinent intrusion; and he felt that on this score we had the advantage in cosmopolitan taste. He always recommended travel as a cure for prejudice; but there were corners of the British Empire where he was not happy. I have heard him use vigorous expressions touching the natives of cities where his humorous perspective was unappreciated. They did not see the perspective; they saw only a Frenchman who was taking liberties with the English character. We have a considerable stock of prejudices in this country; but a rooted objection to lectures on them by a competent foreigner is unknown. So the author of "John Bull and His Island" gave us at least as much credit as we deserved.

I gather from the journal called *New Ireland*, which, like so many agreeable Irish products, is born and bred in London, that the English man of business in Ireland is a menace to Irish liberties. An Englishman in Dublin has made this presumptuous statement: "On account of their superior faculty for intelligent work, Englishmen usually obtain good situations in this country, where they have a better chance of getting on than they would have in England." That claim of superior faculty is, of course, pure arrogance, as *New Ireland* most justly points out; and yet there is a real danger of Englishmen getting on in Ireland if they set their minds to it. "Such a prospect is a disquieting one, for it strikes at the very foundation of the industrial revival—the idea of an Irish Ireland, the aspiration of our own land for our own kin."

It is fine to sit in Fleet Street and write eloquently about Ireland for the Irish. In this number of *New Ireland*, which has been sent to me by some fervent fellow-Celt, I find much rejoicing over that splendid man, the Irish Nationalist elector, who carries on the "revival" in Scotland. "Sturdy patriot, fearless citizen, resolute politician, he keeps Ireland's cause close to his heart, and deserves well of the country that bore him." No doubt of it; and if the word of command from Fleet Street should bid him protest against the incursion of English workmen into the country which did not bear them, he would be aflame with righteous anger. Every Irishman feels that spirit; it is in our blood. Moreover, as I listen to the London chimes, I know perfectly well that the bells of Shandon sound far more grand on the pleasant waters of the River Lee. And I will maintain that with my last breath, always within ear-shot of the wheezy bells of St. Clement Danes.

PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Chamberlain, dropping in during a debate on old-age pensions, listened to some amusing remarks by Mr. Lloyd-George on certain undertakings to deal with this important question. The Colonial Secretary said he adhered to the views he had often expressed. For a scheme of old-age pensions funds were requisite, and he thought they would be provided if his policy for the revision of our trade relations were adopted.

The London Education Bill is undergoing drastic changes. Finding that the compromise of giving the County Council a majority on the Education Committee, and reducing the representatives of the Borough Councils to twelve, was unsatisfactory to everybody, the Government abandoned the second clause, and left the County Council to organise the Committee as it pleases. This procedure caused a lively commotion. One supporter of the Government asked what was the use of having a majority of 120, and Mr. Balfour retorted that it was not of much use when members of the majority walked out before a division. An amendment to enable the County Council to decide whether this management should be delegated or not was rejected. On the question of the appointment of school managers, Sir William Anson accepted Mr. Peel's amendment that three-fourths of the managers should be appointed by the Borough Councils and one fourth by the education authority. An attempt by the Opposition to reverse the proportions was defeated, but Mr. Bryce admitted that the Bill had been much improved.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE GORDIAN KNOT," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

It is a pity that in Mr. Tree's new production the play should be so little worthy of its superb adornment; that, while borrowing theme and locale from France, Mr. Claude Lowther should have put no grip of his own into "The Gordian Knot." Obviously to the old-fashioned school of Dumas fils belongs Mr. Lowther's story of the sullen cripple, Roger Martens, who saves his beloved friend, the Vicomte de Selignac, from the entanglements of a shameless siren, one Gabrielle Melville, by "killing the woman." But oh! the interminable talk, neither dramatic nor epigrammatic, with which the playwright swamps his piece in vainly attempting to create an atmosphere! The weary time he takes before reaching his one strong, if grotesque, situation, in which his heroine, like Browning's Porphyria, is strangled with her own hair! The misfortune is that, for all Mr. Lowther's trouble, neither his Vicomte's spiteful aristocratic acquaintance nor his courtesan's dissolute following seem to have been studied outside the theatre. Just one refreshing moment there is in Mr. Lowther's drama, and that comes with the too brief appearance of a hungry and rude Grand Duke, whom Mr. Lionel Brough makes extremely amusing. But otherwise the play is so burdened with dull speeches that no wonder some of the author's Parliamentary colleagues present on the first night mistook His Majesty's Theatre for the House of Commons, and fell asleep.

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING," AT THE IMPERIAL.

Of Miss Ellen Terry's revival of "Much Ado," the dominant impression is that of a singular mixture of full achievement and doubtful endeavour. This contradictory feature is evident even in the stage setting of Shakspeare's old comedy. Carefully thought out as are Mr. Gordon Craig's schemes of decoration at the Imperial Theatre, his interiors—notably his fine Byzantine church scene—are far more successful than his prim, square-cut outdoor pictures, which lack all sense of distance. But it is in the acting of the play that this unevenness shows most palpably. Ellen Terry's Beatrice, of course, is still instinct with tender womanliness and sparkling vivacity, though the years have necessarily impaired some of the girlish freshness of the original inimitable impersonation. But the new Claudio and Hero who support this delightful Beatrice—in the persons of Mr. Conway Tearle and Miss Hutin Britton—may look pleasantly youthful, but are somewhat amateurish in manner. So, again, the satisfactory old Leonato of Mr. Holman Clark is balanced by Mr. Norman Forbes's disappointingly thin-voiced, thin-humoured Dogberry. And it was a mistake to cast a burly, strenuous actor like Mr. Oscar Asche, who has many splendid gifts but no sprightliness, for the rôle of Benedick. His reading makes the young lord of Padua boorish rather than light-hearted or reflective, the butt rather than the foil of "Dear Lady Disdain."

"CASTE" REVIVED AT THE CRITERION.

It says something for the longevity of Robertson's most famous teacup-and-saucer comedy, "Caste," that its appeal varies now to the sentimental, now to the comic side, according to its interpretation. At present—in the latest Criterion revival—it is the emotional element which comes uppermost, thanks to Miss Kate Rorke's affecting, though familiar, depiction of the sorrows of the young wife, Esther, and Mr. Ben Webster's manly and agreeable representation of the young husband, D'Alroy. And this though Miss Marie Tempest repeats the rendering of Polly Eccles which she gave last summer at the Haymarket—as hearty and natural a rendering of this engaging soubrette as was provided even by Mrs. Bancroft.

"VÉRONIQUE," AT THE CORONET.

"Véronique" has now reached the last week of its season at the Coronet Theatre, and the occasion ought not to be let slip without some appreciation of the daintiest of recent Parisian opéras-comiques. This piquant little piece might really belong to the period of Louis Philippe, so entirely is the neat manner of Scribe caught in the libretto of MM. Van Loo and Duval, so cleverly does M. André Messager's score recall the refined yet vivacious music of the masters of light French opera. "Véronique" is something really worth seeing. At the Coronet, Mdlle. Jane Hading begins her season on June 8.

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CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS ON WHIT SUNDAY and WHIT MONDAY from the principal LONDON STATIONS to ASHFORD, CANTERBURY, DEAL, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, GRAVESEND, HASTINGS, BEXHILL, WHITSTABLE, HERNE BAY, BIRCHINGTON, RAMSGATE, BROADSTAIRS, MARGATE, HYTHE, SANDGATE, FOLKESTONE, DOVER, &c.

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CAMBRIDGE, 4s. 3d.; ELY, 5s. 6d., on Whit Monday from Liverpool Street at 8.43 and 11 a.m., and St. Pancras and Kentish Town at 9.13 a.m.

YARMOUTH AND CROMER, ONE DAY, 5s. 6d.; THREE DAYS, 8s. 6d.; SIX DAYS, 12s. 6d.; on Whit Monday from St. Pancras (Midland Station) and Kentish Town at 6.25 a.m. To Yarmouth only from Liverpool Street and Stratford, at 6.30 a.m.

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"MESSIAH," Tuesday, June 23, at 2 o'clock.

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Madame Albani. Miss Marguerite Macintyre. Madame Clara Samuel, and Madame Ella Russell. Madame Clara Butt. Mr. Ben Davies. Mr. John Coates, and Mr. Charles Saunders. Mr. Sandley. Mr. Kennerley Rumford, and Mr. Andrew Black. Mr. Watkin Mills. Solo Organist, Sir Walter Parratt. Organist to the Festival Mr. Walter W. Hedgcock. Musical Director: Dr. August Manns. Conductor, Dr. Frederic Cowen. Chorus and Orchestra, 4000.

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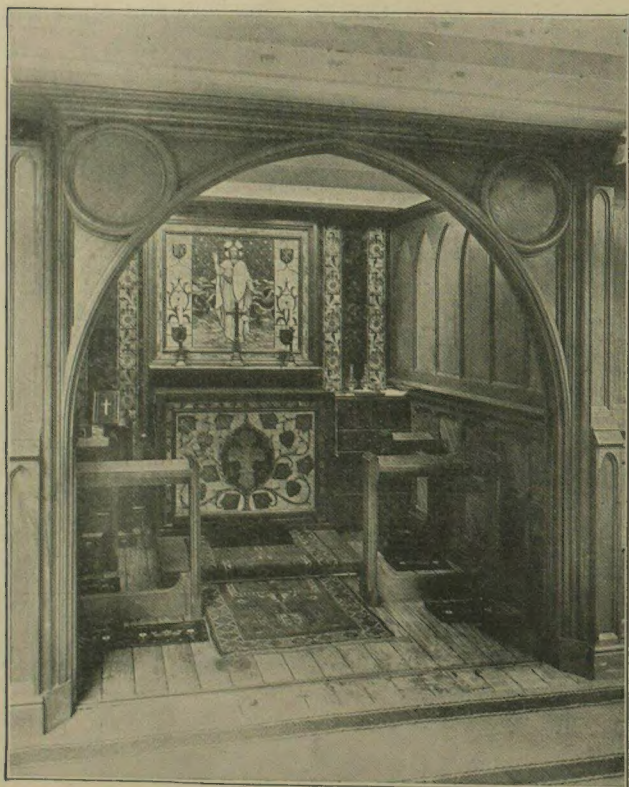
Saturday Matinees (at 2.30), May 30, June 6 and 13.

THE WORLD'S NEWS

THE DISASTROUS
PARIS-MADRID MOTOR
RACE.

Disaster has attended the great contest of motor-cars in the race between Paris and Madrid. The start was effected from Versailles amid extraordinary public interest on the morning of May 24. There were 256 entries, but many of the competitors did not appear. Among leading motorists who started were the brothers Renault, Mr. Mark Mayhew, the Hon. C. S. Rolls, and Mr. Jarrott. Several terrible accidents marred the progress of the race. At a level crossing about a mile from Bonneval, car No. 243, a Wolseley driven by Mr. L. Porter and Mr. Nixon, both of Belfast, collided with a railway gate-keeper's hut. The car immediately caught fire. Mr. Nixon, who had been thrown under the vehicle, was burnt to death, and Mr. Porter was very severely shaken. Near Poitiers, M. Marcel Renault was thrown into a ditch, and he succumbed to his injuries on May 27. This accident destroyed for M. Louis Renault the triumph he would otherwise have had in arriving first at Bordeaux. As soon as he heard the dreadful news, M. Louis Renault proceeded to Couhé Vêrac, where his brother was lying. Near Libourne, car No. 5, driven by Mr. Loraine Barrow, ran over a dog and dashed into a tree. Mr. Loraine Barrow had his thigh terribly crushed, and his chauffeur was killed. Mr. Stead, who came into collision with another car not far from Sercoux, was severely but not dangerously bruised. Not only competitors, but spectators and foot-passengers, fell victims to the modern juggernaut. The list includes a soldier, a civilian, a woman, and a child. In fine contrast to this saturnalia of selfishness, which recalls the reckless driving of the Apian Way, stands the generous deed of M. Maurice Farman, who gave up his chance of winning to go to the assistance of M. Marcel Renault. The French Government summarily stopped the second stage of the race, and the Spanish Government has sent to the frontier imperative orders that no racing-motors shall be allowed to cross into Spain.

In his speech to the Burnley Chamber of Commerce, Lord Rosebery said that, as an old Imperialist, he was not prepared to condemn beforehand any plan for consolidating the Empire. As for Free Trade, he was not one of those who regarded it as if it were the Sermon on the Mount. It had brought us enormous advantages, but against these must be set the decline of British agriculture and the decay of the rural population. These views led some journals to the hasty conclusion that Lord Rosebery had thrown in his lot with Mr. Chamberlain, and he was compelled to write a letter stating that the objections to the Colonial Secretary's proposals were "insurmountable." But the Burnley speech made this opinion clear enough. Lord Rosebery said that an Imperial Zollverein would injure our foreign trade for the benefit of our Colonial trade. We should be in the position of a trader who damages three-fourths of his business for the sake of one-fourth. Moreover, the new policy would bring in a set of "shifting tariffs" which would create friction with the Colonies, whose interests are not harmonious. Canada has hailed Mr. Chamberlain's programme with enthusiasm, but opinion in Australia strikes a very different note.



DEDICATION OF THE MELANESIAN MISSION-SHIP, "SOUTHERN CROSS," BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, MAY 23: THE ALTAR ON BOARD THE VESSEL.

HYDE PARK AND
EDUCATION.

The demonstration in Hyde Park against the London Education Bill was impressive in numbers and earnestness. But it was directed mainly against the abolition of the School Board, and not against the payment of the education rate. It is necessary to bear that distinction in mind when we are told that the policy of "passive resistance" to the rate has been confirmed by this great meeting. That policy is fallacious and inconsistent.

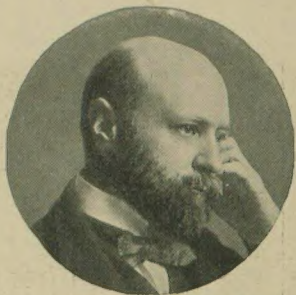


Photo. Russell.
RT. HON. THE EARL OF ONSLOW,
NEW PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD
OF AGRICULTURE.



Photo. Russell.
THE HON. A. E. FELLOWES, M.P.,
SPOKESMAN FOR LORD ONSLOW
IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE MR. G. H. TURNER,
EX-MANAGER OF THE MIDLAND
RAILWAY.

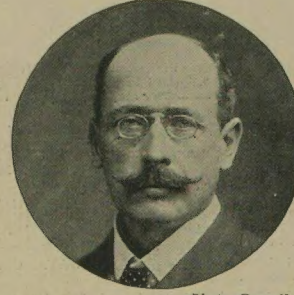


Photo. Russell.
THE LATE M. PAUL BLOUET,
"MAX O'RELL."

Nonconformists never refused to pay taxes which were applied to Parliamentary grants for Voluntary



THE COSTLIEST RAEURBURN: PORTRAIT OF SIR JOHN SINCLAIR,
SOLD FOR 14,000 GUINEAS.

On May 21 Mr. Martin Colnaghi purchased the picture
for the above sum at Willis's Rooms.

schools, and the conscience which rises against the rate levied for the same purpose is surely rather belated. The precedent of the old Church rate is beside the mark, for that was levied for the maintenance of places of worship which Nonconformists did not enter. The education rate is manifestly used for the most part in the secular interests of children of all denominations. The real question is not the endowment of Voluntary schools, but the popular control of the expenditure; and that surely is a question, like any other, to be determined by a majority at the next General Election, and not by a refusal to pay rates. Unless this principle be observed, we shall have people offering "passive resistance" for all manner of reasons at the dictates of conscience. Why pay income-tax if you object to the Army and Navy? That Nonconformists are conscious of a certain weakness in the "passive resistance" attitude is shown by the desperate attempts to prove that it is not a breach of the law. Reasonable citizens do not break the law; but if they object to it, they try to get it amended by constitutional means.

THE SOMALILAND
CAMPAIGN.

The news from Somaliland is of the most meagre description, whether from the strict censorship or otherwise it is impossible to say. Nothing definite is yet known as to the continuation of the operations, but preparations still proceed, although no further stores have been ordered. The men of the Somali Camel Corps are said to have discovered that soldiering under strict discipline is not altogether to their liking. Their mutinous attitude may lead to their disbandment.

OUR PORTRAITS.

Few who were competent to judge of the qualifications of the various candidates suggested by an energetic Press were surprised at the announcement that Lord Onslow had been appointed President of the Board of Agriculture in succession to the late Mr. Hanbury. The noble Earl, like an honourable member of the Lower House, is not an agricultural labourer, but he has considerably more knowledge of subjects affecting his department than many other Ministers have had on their selection for office. He is an extensive landowner, and has farmed on a large scale on his estates in Surrey, and thus will hear the outcry against agricultural depression from both sides. His official experience is long and varied. During Lord Beaconsfield's Administration in 1880, and on the formation of the first Unionist Government six years later, he was a Lord-in-Waiting. Since then he has been twice Under-Secretary for the Colonies—the position he now vacates—and has performed the duties of Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, Governor of New Zealand, and Under-Secretary for India.

The new President of the Board of Agriculture, being a peer, is to be represented in the House of Commons by the Hon. Ailwyn Edward Fellowes, the second son of the first Lord De Ramsey. Mr. Fellowes has hitherto been best known as spokesman for the First Commissioner of Works, but he is also Vice-Chamberlain, a Government Whip, and Junior Lord of the Treasury. He has represented Ramsey, Huntingdonshire, since 1887.

Like many another "captain of industry," George Henry Turner, who died on May 20, after a serious operation, began on one of the lowest rungs of the ladder, starting his business career at the age of twelve at Messrs. Pickford's office at Bridgwater, and crowning it as general manager of the Midland Railway. The intermediate rungs were, of course, numerous. His first post was followed by a clerkship on the Bristol and Exeter Railway, and this in turn gave way before a clerkship in the goods department of the Midland Railway Company at Bristol. This was in 1853. The next move was to Birmingham, where he ultimately became chief goods clerk, holding the position until his transference to Nottingham as chief goods agent. From that time onward his progress was unchecked, and he acted at various periods as chief goods canvasser at Derby, goods manager of the Glasgow and South-Western Railway in Scotland, chief goods manager at Derby, and assistant general manager. His selection for the general managership of the Midland system was made in 1892, and he retired in 1901. Mr. Turner was born in 1837.

The death of M. Paul Blouet, better known by his pen-name of Max O'Rell, closes the work of one who contributed appreciably to the gaiety of nations. M. Blouet was never a great writer, but he had the gift of humour, and his genial efforts to make us see ourselves as others see us were always welcome. "John Bull and His Island," "John Bull's Womankind," "The Dear Neighbours," "A Frenchman in America," and "Her Royal Highness, Woman," are, and are likely to remain, as popular here and in America as with our neighbours across the Channel, in spite of the fact that their author has been described as "that Voltairean Frenchman, to whom our Puritanism is detestable and our cooking infernal, and who is an alien in thought, in race, and in language from our

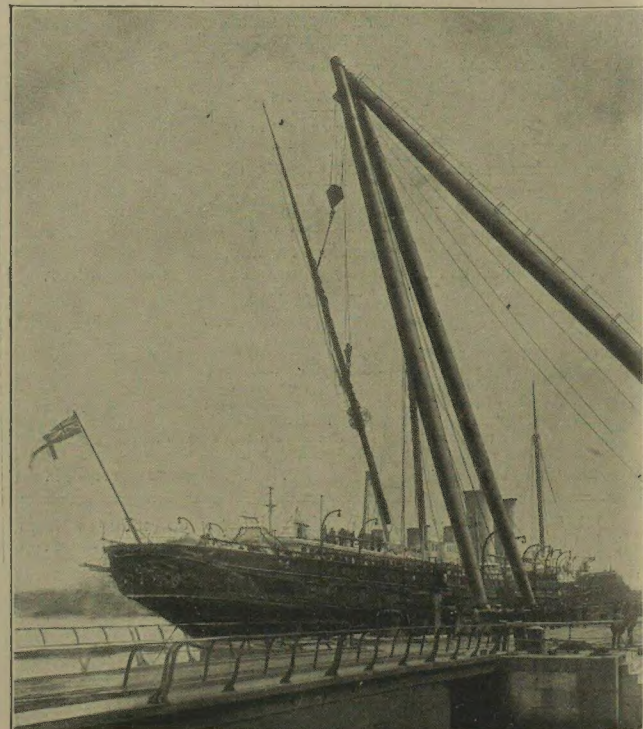
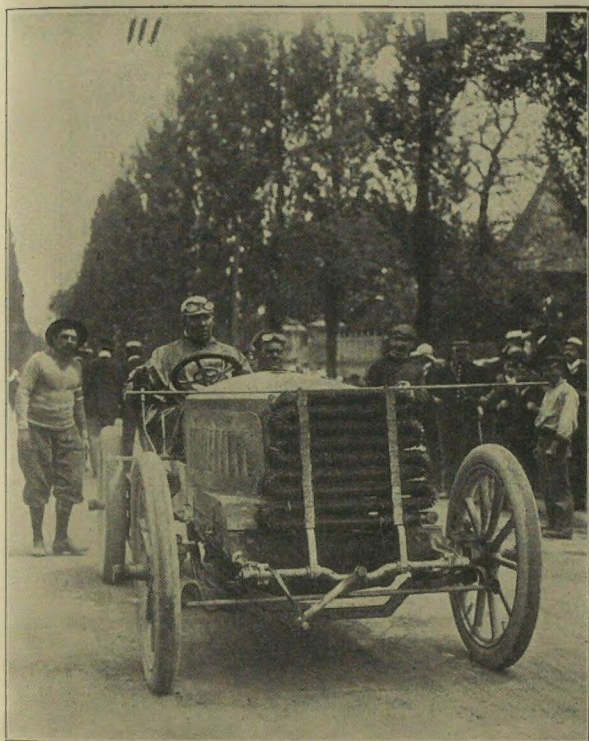
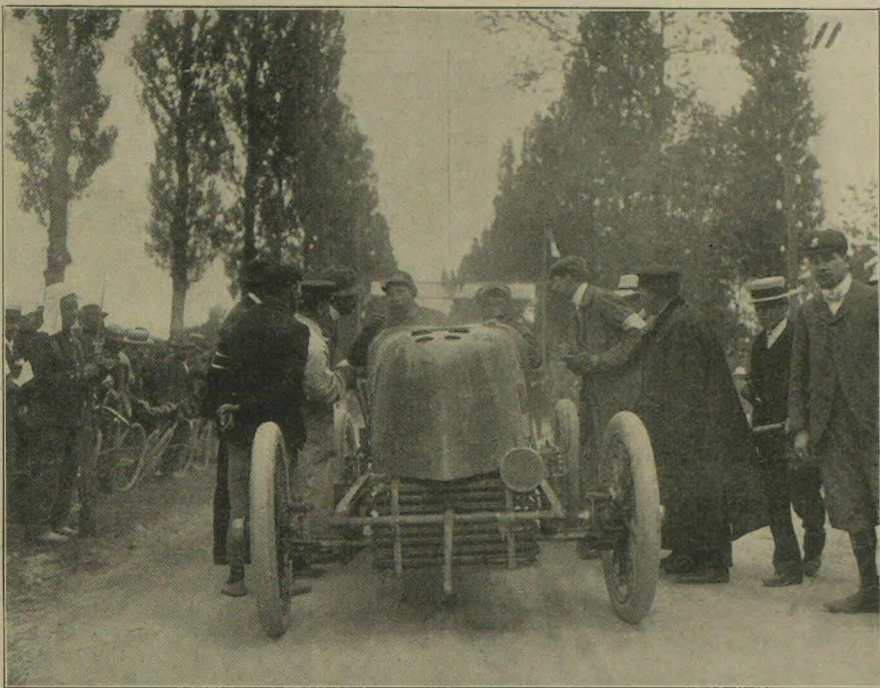
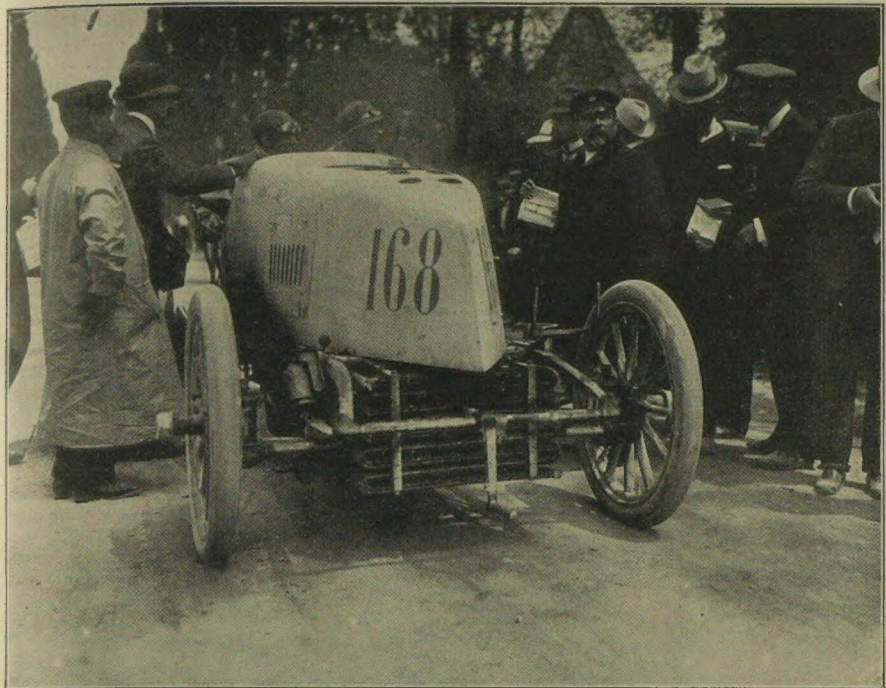


Photo. Russell.
FORESHADOWING THE KING'S RUSSIAN VISIT: STEPPING THE
NEW TELESCOPIC STEEL MASTS OF HIS MAJESTY'S YACHT, TO
ENABLE HER TO PASS THROUGH THE KIEL CANAL.

THE PREMATURELY CONCLUDED PARIS-MADRID AUTOMOBILE RACE: WINNERS AND CASUALTIES.



1. THE WINNER OF THE HEAVY CAR CONTEST: M. GABRIEL AND HIS MORS AT BORDEAUX.
2. THE SECOND IN THE HEAVY CLASS: M. SALLERON AND HIS MORS AT BORDEAUX.

3. THE THIRD IN THE HEAVY CLASS: MR. JARROTT AND HIS DE DIETRICH AT BORDEAUX.
4. A FATALY INJURED COMPETITOR: M. MARCEL RENAULT.

5. THE SECOND OF THE LIGHT CARS: M. BARRAS ON HIS DARRACQ AT BORDEAUX.—(For the Winner see Front Page.)
6. THE SERIOUSLY INJURED ENGLISH COMPETITOR, MR. LORAIN BARROW.
7. M. DE TERRY'S MERCEDES, WHICH COLLIDED WITH MR. PORTER'S WOLSELEY.

Empire." M. Blouet served as a cavalry officer in the French army during the Franco-German War, and was among the prisoners taken at Sedan. In the second siege of Paris he was severely wounded. Coming to England in 1872 as correspondent of several French papers, he became four years later French master at St. Paul's School. The success of his first book decided him to abandon the profession of schoolmaster for that of humorist; and that he was wise his subsequent career as journalist, essayist, and lecturer amply proves. His last book, "Rambles in Womanland," is in his characteristic style. In it he records a number of witty and caustic thoughts; but, unlike Mr. Crosland, he prefers the rapier to the bludgeon, with a very much more entertaining result. M. Blouet's work was all written in French, and was translated into English by his wife. He was born in Brittany in 1848.

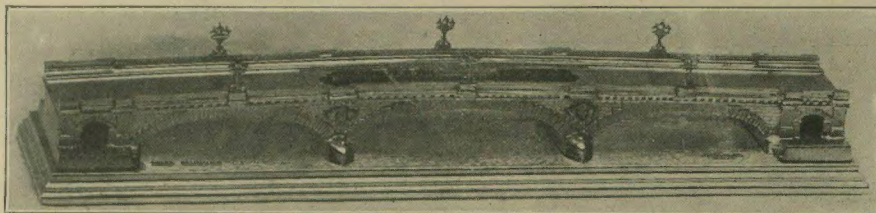
THE BALKAN TROUBLE.

Desultory fighting still continues in the Salonika district. A two days' fight was reported from Mogila, near Monastir, where Svettkoff's band of nineteen men was surrounded by five hundred troops with two guns. The leader and twelve of his men were killed, and the remainder escaped. The Bashi Bazouks, whose loss was trifling, then pillaged and burned eighteen houses. Boris Sarafoff, the Macedonian revolutionary leader, is said to have returned to Bulgaria, but the news lacks confirmation. The Macedonians usually celebrate May 24 with great festivity, as that day is the anniversary of the conversion of the Bulgarian nation to Christianity by missionaries from Salonika. This year, however, the festival was turned to mourning on account of the recent outrages. The portraits of the Salonika apostles and the

by some concessions in other respects to modern needs. University education does not mean in this country all that it means in Germany and the United States; and there seems no reason to boast of the fact.

A CHURCH WRECKED BY A CYCLONE.

The mail brings photographic confirmation of the damage done in the neighbourhood of Townsville, the chief city of North Queensland, and in the neighbouring towns of Bowen, Ayr, and Charters Towers, by the recent cyclone. Scarcely a building in Townsville escaped the violence of the storm, the churches in particular



A MEMENTO OF THE OPENING OF KEW BRIDGE: THE SPIRIT-LEVEL USED BY HIS MAJESTY TO LAY THE LAST COPING-STONE ON MAY 20.

The model of the new bridge, which contained the level, was, with the trowel and mallet, designed and modelled by his Majesty's silversmiths, Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Limited, of Regent Street, Oxford Street, and Queen Victoria Street.

suffering. The Cathedral was unroofed, and is described by the Bishop as useless at present, with the exception of part of one transept; and five churches and three rectories were destroyed. In view of this, the Colonial and Continental Church Society, 9, Serjeant's Inn, feeling that the Australians themselves will give principally and rightly to the fund for the relief of the people who have individually suffered, are appealing for financial aid for their endeavours to repair the damage.

TREES FOR ALDWYCH AND KINGSWAY.

The London County Council is evidently of the opinion that it is not advisable to entrust the care of youth to youth. It proposes to plant trees in Kingsway, Aldwych, and the widened portion of the Strand, but it will not hand them over to the Westminster City Council, in whose domain they will, of course, be, until a period of not less than three years has elapsed and their growth is assured. Planes will be planted in the Strand, planes and acacias in Aldwych, and planes and ailanthus in Kingsway.

A MOTOR STEAM FIRE-ENGINE.

The new four-hundred-gallon motor steam fire-engine built for the Portsmouth County Council by Messrs. Merryweather and Sons was tested on May 22 and 23 before the Mayor and Council. The engine turned out from the fire-station in fifty-five seconds from the alarm, travelled at high speed along the road, and gave a display with one, two, and four jets. This new motor, which is the first in the South of England, left the Greenwich works under its own steam on Wednesday afternoon, ran down to Guildford, where an exhibition was given of its capabilities, and arrived at Portsmouth in good time on Thursday. The Hindhead, Butsey, and other hills on the road were easily climbed; and, as a "reliability" trial, the run down was altogether satisfactory.



THE NEW MOTOR STEAM FIRE-ENGINE FOR PORTSMOUTH PRACTICE OUTSIDE THE TOWN HALL.

TOLSTOY AND GORKY ON KISHINEFF.

Regarding the massacre of Kishineff, the ghastly details of which have been made known by a physician who volunteered his services, Count Tolstoy has written to a correspondent a guarded but deeply significant letter. While declining to act the part of a publicist, the Russian reformer says that he is greatly horrified at the criminals who were responsible for the outrage, and at the Government, which, with the clergy, keeps the people in a state of ignorance and fanaticism. He refers pointedly to the Government's banded horde of officials. Tolstoy vigorously condemns violent agitation, and recommends that the Government be fought by virtuous living. That, he says, is all very old and hackneyed, but it is the most that he can say upon the horrible events of Kishineff. Maxim Gorky has also written a letter, which was suppressed by the Russian censor, but which appeared in a Frankfort journal. He says the peasants, ground down by the educated classes, are the victims of agitators, who incite them against the Jews, the Finns, and the Armenians, and he claims from intelligent Russians the protection of the Hebrew people.

DENMARK AND SHAKSPERE.

Denmark has always handsomely acknowledged the compliment which Shakspeare paid it when he immortalised its Prince, albeit the bard did say hard things of the country—things, indeed, which were omitted from the First Folio lest, it is said, they should offend the Danish Queen of James I. Pursuant to their magnanimous policy, the Danes contemplate the erection at Elsinore of a statue of Shakspeare, to commemorate the three-



THE PROPOSED SHAKSPERE STATUE FOR ELSINORE.

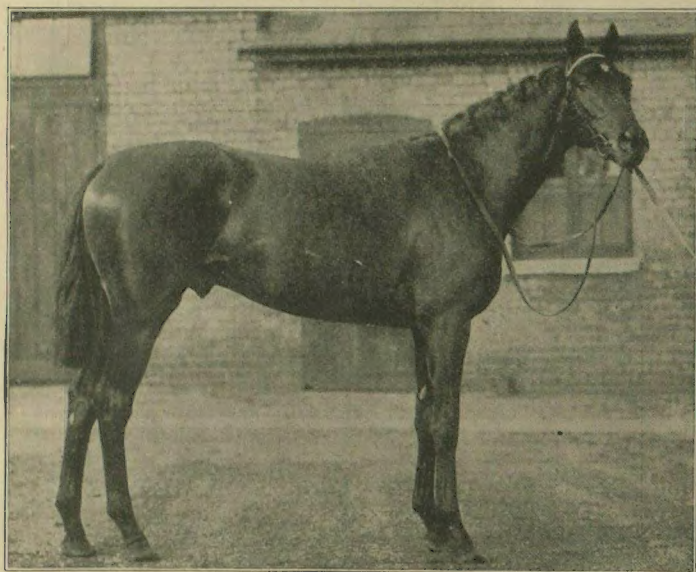
hundredth anniversary of the creation of Hamlet. The Danish sculptor, Louis Hasselriis, of Rome, has already prepared a plaster model of the monument, which represents the poet at a moment of rapt vision. On the pedestal will appear an inscription commemorating the links of alliance between the royal Houses of England and Denmark. It is proposed to unveil the statue in 1904, the three-hundredth anniversary of the first printed edition of "Hamlet." Subscriptions can be sent to the treasurer of the fund, Vice-Consul Johann Hansen, 5, Toldbodvej, Copenhagen.

AN IRISH FIRE-EATER.

The redoubtable Colonel MacBride, late commander of the "Irish Brigade" which fought for Mr. Kruger, finds the air of France more salubrious than that of Ireland. His wife, renowned in patriotic story as Maud Gonne, recently visited Dublin, and inspired a glorious shindy at the Rotunda, where Mr. Redmond was addressing a peaceful meeting on the subject of subscriptions to the Nationalist exchequer. Mrs. MacBride and her friends introduced the purely irrelevant topic of the coming visit of the King and Queen to Ireland, hinting that the Irish leaders were basely subservient to the Saxon. Chairs hurtled through the air, and the fun was fast and free. Severe comments on the intruders by the Nationalist papers have brought a challenge from the hero in Paris. To Dublin, he says, it is not convenient for him to travel; but any gentleman who cares to visit Paris for the purpose of criticising Mrs. MacBride in the presence of her husband will be invited to a settlement on the field of honour. There seems to be little chance that this chivalrous defiance will lead to bloodshed.

THE DERBY.

Brilliant though somewhat breezy weather favoured the sightseers at the greatest racing event of the year. The race for the Derby Stakes, which was run in presence of the King and Queen, ended in the expected victory for Sir James Miller's colt, Rock Sand. The runners-up were M. E. Blanc's Vinicius and Sir D. Cooper's Flotsam. His Majesty's colt, Mead, was not placed.



THE DERBY WINNER OF 1903: SIR J. MILLER'S ROCK SAND.

banners of public bodies were draped in black during a solemn memorial service.

THE BLANKET SCANDAL.

An outbreak of typhoid fever on board the training-ship *Cornwall* has led to the exposure of a horrible scandal. It was discovered that large consignments of blankets which had been used in the fever hospitals on the South African battlefields had been sold without cleansing or disinfecting. The blankets had been brought home, and at the time the abomination was discovered they had been retailed throughout the country. The medical authorities immediately instituted a strict search, and in London alone several tons of this questionable merchandise were impounded and disinfected. The state in which they were found is indescribable. Seizures were made also in Birmingham, Rotherham, Cardiff, Southend, Boston, and Glasgow. It appeared from Mr. Brodrick's reply to a question in the House of Commons that, according to specific instructions, all condemned blankets should have been torn into four pieces before being sold. There were also special instructions in the case of infected blankets. Two hundred thousand blankets were sold in South Africa to a bookmaker and a canteen-keeper at twopence-halfpenny each. Obviously there is gross culpability somewhere.

OXFORD FINANCE.

When Cecil Rhodes bequeathed a large sum for the endowment of scholarships at Oxford, he threw out the half-humorous suggestion that Oxford Dons were rather childlike in business. This was resented at the time; but the disclosures of University finance give colour to the great financier's suspicion that scholarship is not good at administration. There is a deficit in two years amounting to six thousand pounds. It is proposed to cover this by increasing the fees; but even if both ends are made to meet, the University will have no funds for the sorely needed development of its teaching. No millionaire shows any disposition to imitate for the benefit of Oxford the American magnates of finance who enrich their own Universities. This might suggest to the governing body at Oxford that even its own special traditions of classical study can be preserved only

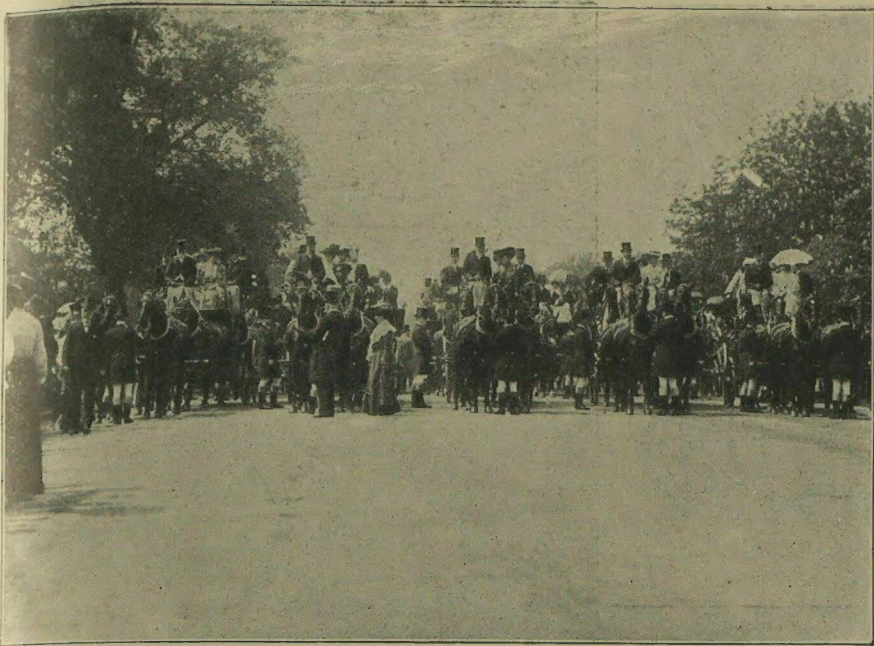
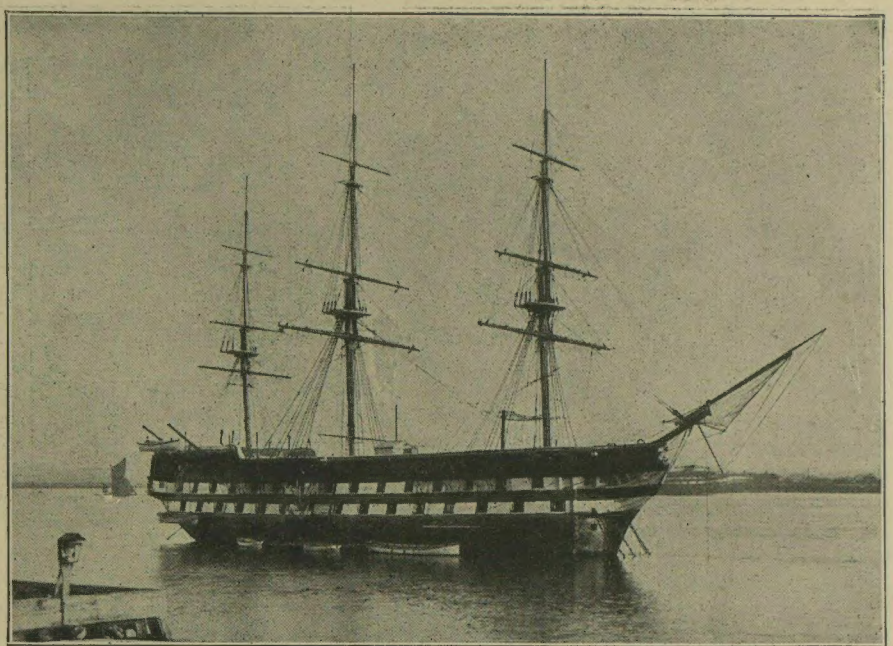


Photo. F. Baker.

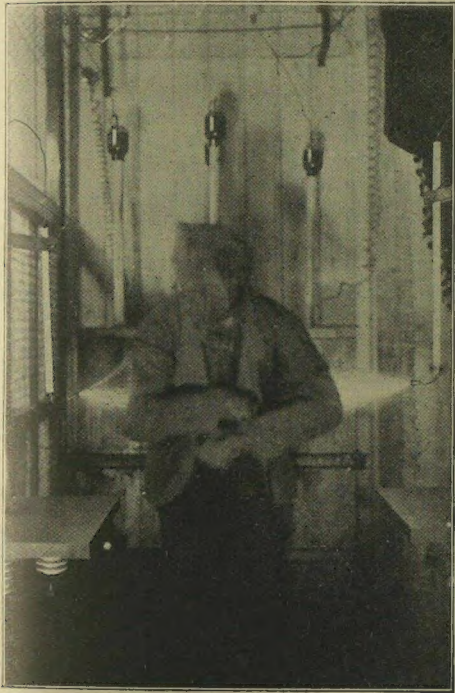
THE FIRST COACHING MEET OF THE SEASON: THE FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB
AT KENSINGTON GARDENS, MAY 23.

There was a large turn-out, the full muster being twenty-nine members. Lord Newlands, the President, led the drive to Hurlingham.



THE BLANKET SCANDAL: THE TRAINING-SHIP "CORNWALL," WHERE THE EPIDEMIC
FROM INFECTED BLANKETS ORIGINATED.

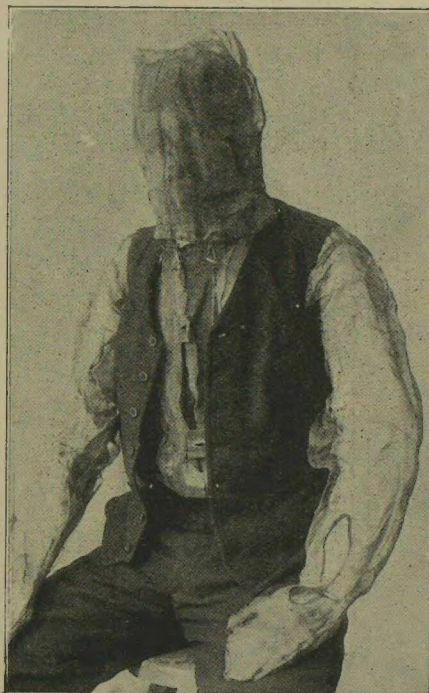
All the patients of the epidemic on board the "Cornwall" are, fortunately, now convalescent.



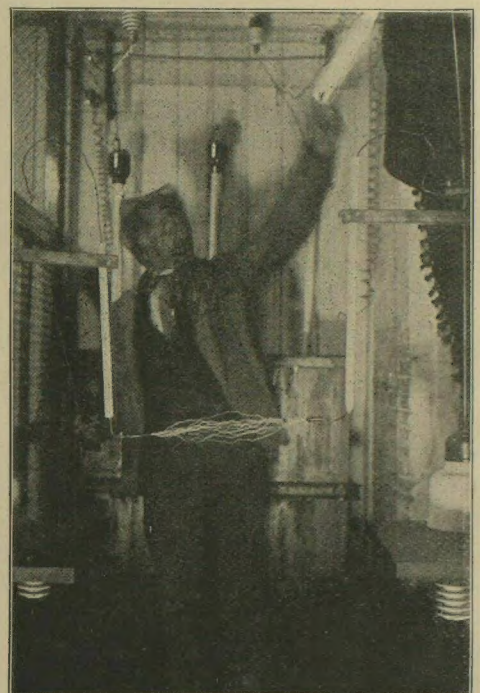
AN OPERATOR IN THE DRESS RECEIVING
A DEADLY CURRENT IN SAFETY.



THE GAUZE DRESS PROOF AGAINST
HIGH ELECTRIC TENSIONS.



THE UPPER PART OF THE DRESS, SHOWING
MASK AND GAUNTLET.

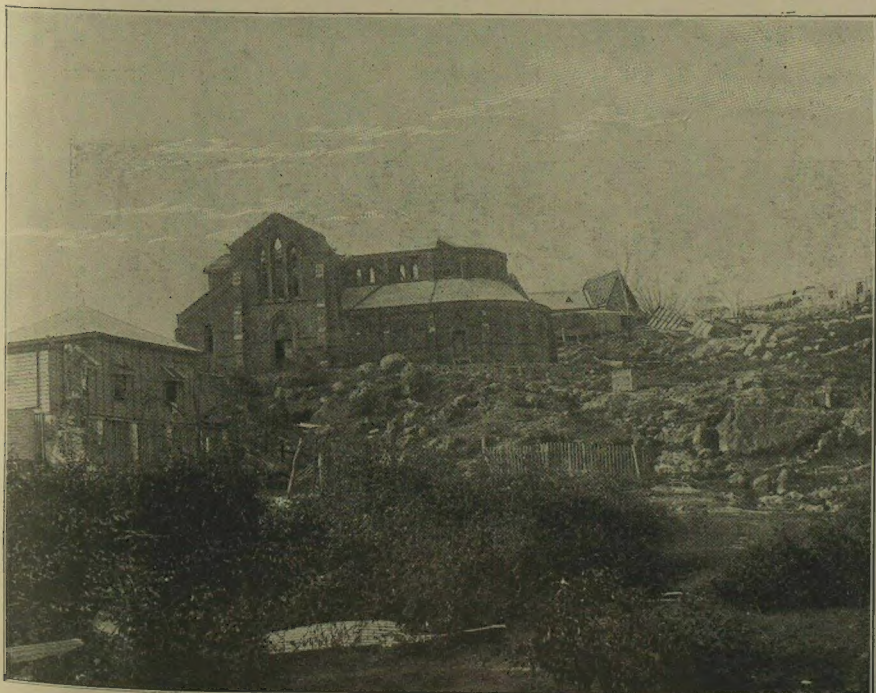


A VERY SEVERE PRACTICAL TEST.

A DEATH-DEFYING DRESS FOR ELECTRICIANS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. W. SMITH.

A safety dress, of thickly woven wire gauze, has been invented for electricians by a German scientist. It is intended to be worn while working in a high-tension laboratory. A current of electricity sufficient to kill the wearer can pass through the dress for some seconds without perceptible effect. Standing uninsulated on the ground, the wearer can draw sparks from the terminals of the transformer without danger, as is shown in the photographs. Not even the slightest sensation of any current is felt through the body. The invention of this dress now makes it possible for any scientific operator to perform successfully the most dangerous experiments in electrical research.



A CHURCH WRECKED BY A CYCLONE: THE CATHEDRAL OF TOWNSVILLE,
NORTH QUEENSLAND.

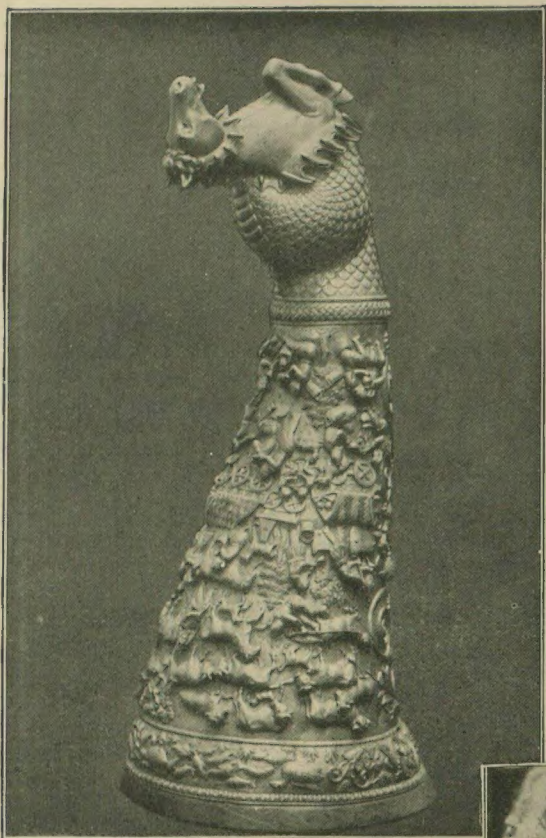
To repair this disaster, details of which we give elsewhere, a public appeal is being made by the Colonial Church Society.



Photo. Hogg.

THE GREAT FIRE AT BELFAST, MAY 18: THE DESTRUCTION TO STORES OF TINNED MEAT
AND DRUGS AT MESSRS. HASLETT'S.

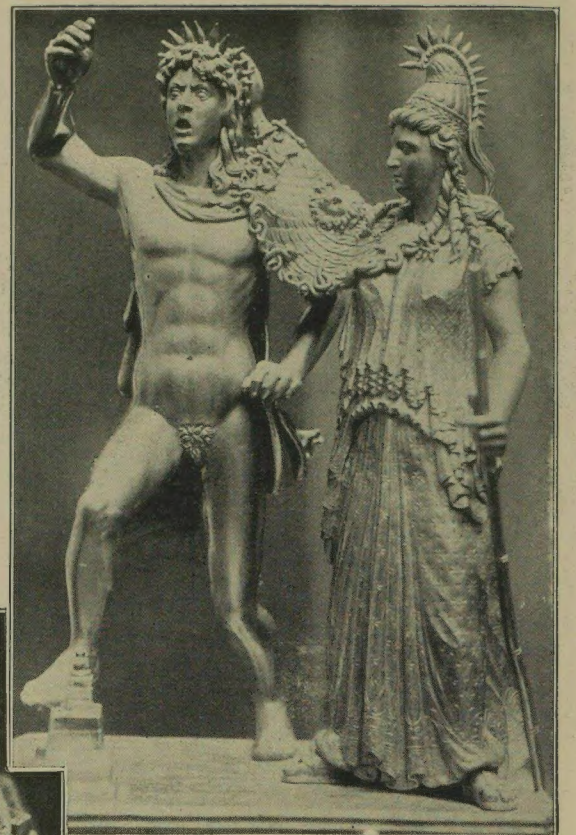
The fire, which taxed the energies of the brigade to the utmost, burned for four hours. The damage is estimated at £15,000.



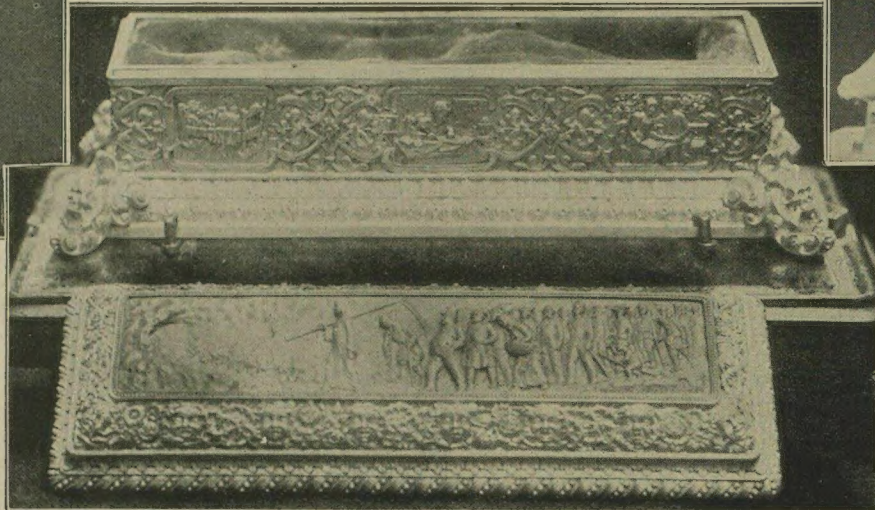
A GREEK DRINKING-HORN.



A GORGET.



ACHILLES AND MINERVA.



A SARCOPHAGUS IN SILVER.

ROCHOMOWSKI, while engaged at the Paris Mint on the replica of the tiara he has been challenged to make, is exhibiting his work elsewhere. The drinking

horn bears the most resemblance to the handicraft on the tiara. The sarcophagus, a single block of silver, symbolises the ages of man's life, Force and Toil.

THE SUCCESSFUL IMITATION OF ANTIQUE ART: WORKS BY ROCHOMOWSKI, WHO CLAIMS TO HAVE MADE THE DUBIOUS TIARA OF SAITAPHARNES.



A FRENCH IMITATOR OF MR. PRINGLE.



THE FLYING CANTEN: SUPPLYING A COMPETITOR WITH REFRESHMENTS.

Photos. Branger and Deyd.

THE FRENCH RIVALRY OF STOCK EXCHANGE PEDESTRIANISM: THE BOURSE WALKING MATCH, MAY 21.

On Ascension Day, May 21, members of the Bourse, who were for the most part represented by their clerks, walked from Villeneuve-Saint-Georges to Fontainebleau. Forty-eight started, and M. Bouveur finished the twenty-five miles in 4 h. 39 min. 30 sec. One of the competitors walked in his ordinary office clothes.



FIFTEEN SECONDS BEFORE THE START.



THE FIRST MAN TO FINISH AT THE TOWN HALL, SOUTHPORT.

THE MANCHESTER TO SOUTHPORT WALKING MATCH, MAY 23.

Manchester commercial men and others engaged in a walk of forty-one and a-half miles. The winner was Ormrod, who covered the distance in 7 hr. 11 min. 8 sec.

AN ENCOUNTER IN HIGH PLACES.

By MAYNE LINDSAY.



Illustrated by R. CATON WOODVILLE.

OAKLEY of the Trotters possessed many solid qualities—a touch of military genius, and the gift of popularity among them; but he had rather more money than is good for a young soldier; he had a gaily impertinent air that annoyed elderly persons, and he had a weakness for escapades. High authorities, who knew that youth is not, as a rule, a hopeless malady, shut their eyes to many of his pranks, for the good that was in him. It was not, in fact, until he had swum a native police-inspector in the Nymoorie Lake at eleven o'clock in the morning (in the face of half the bazaar) that their forbearance showed signs of coming to an end. Oakley pleaded that the man was insolent; and possibly the defence helped him a little. But he was told that, anyhow, this kind of thing would not do, and he was invited to take leave—a long leave—out of India. They meant him, perhaps, to go home and make friends unto himself of the Pall Mall mammon of unrighteousness, against a day of reckoning; but because Oakley suspected they meant it, he announced that he was going to shoot *ovis poli* across the borderland. He packed his gun-cases; and a few weeks later he walked in upon Colonel Silver, who was the British Resident at Gulibad, and drag upon the erratic wheel of Ama Singh, Maharajah of Feristan. He had traversed the first stage of his journey. Feristan lies lapped in the skirts of the great mountain ranges behind the north-west gates of India; it is a smiling, bounteous place, and some day it will be the

playground of more people than the tired Anglo-Indians who now dawdle up its lakes and camp among its pleasant groves.

Young men in difficulties often brought them to Silver: a scapegrace on enforced holiday was nothing new to him. He stroked his white moustache when Oakley, whom he had known from lovable child to man, gave him a jaunty version of his crime.

"You have been let off very lightly," he said. "It was an ungentlemanly, stupid exhibition of ill-temper, and it might have been used to show that a man who cannot command himself is not fit to command others. You had better wipe it out by doing something to prove your regret—something, let me say, more useful than climbing into Central Asia."

Oakley shrugged his shoulders.

"What else is there to do?" he said. "There isn't a little war anywhere."

"And if there were, you could hardly expect to be picked for it, after this," Silver said severely. "Go home and learn something."

"I passed in Russian two years ago," Oakley said. "I don't think I'm keen about any more cramming at present." He took a pace to the open doorway and stood looking upon a shimmering river and the cool shade of the plane-trees about it. A boat floated by with a young man lolling in the stern and a fox-terrier blinking on a cushion at the sunshine.

"Can't you give me something to do, Colonel?"

he said persuasively. "You have plenty of tangled threads in your pigeon-holes; you might set me to unravel one of them."

Colonel Silver did not speak for a moment. He looked very thoughtfully at the tall, upright figure, and he appeared to turn the matter over in his mind.

"Do you mean that?" he said.

"Yes, I do," said Oakley; and this time there was eagerness in his voice.

The Resident rose from his chair, took a large-scale map out of a drawer, and unrolled it.

"Did you not try once to cross Kalsi?" he said; and his fingers moved up to where the shading of mountain ranges lay outside the dotted border of Feristan.

Oakley followed the finger.

"Yes, I tried it," he said. "I was turned back after ten days' marching—starved out, you know; couldn't get a soul to supply me with coolies or fodder. The Khan doesn't want us there."

"The Kalsis do not, I think," Silver said. "They are afraid we may discover their hidden route into Turkestan, and want to gain possession of it. That is nonsense, of course; we could not police it even if we knew it. There are other people to whom it might be useful, but they are not this side of the watershed."

"I thought the whole thing was a myth."

"Oh, no," Silver said. "It exists; but no one could find it for himself without plenty of time and an ample commissariat, and he will not get them from Jehan Beg



"We have come as straight as the birds fly."

at present. There are, however, more ways of learning a road than travelling over it; and I believe someone has made use of them within the last fortnight. A messenger came down to me only yesterday afternoon, and he assured me that there is a white man from the north in Kalsi at this moment, and that he is believed to have had access to the Khan. Now, if Jehan Beg had not wanted him, he would not have let him get there; or, at least, he would never let him get out alive. But it is probable that he *will* get away, by the way he came, through Shawa; and if the surmises I draw from my information are correct, he will take a plan of the Kalsi Passes with him."

Oakley gazed at him, hanging on his words.

"It is really rather an important incident," said Colonel Silver. He rolled up the map and returned it to a drawer. "It may be a mare's nest, no doubt; but Yusuf is not in the habit of discovering mares' nests. I think the unknown person from the north deserves considerable credit. His method of persuading the Khan was probably quite simple; but to get to him without attracting the attention of half Kalsi he must have travelled light. I am sure he did not try to get through with a string of pack-ponies and hampers of soda-water."

"I won't—next time," Oakley said softly. "Suppose I were to cut across to the road from Shawa . . . Suppose—oh! suppose two people ran up against each other accidentally among the mountains there—? Does your man know enough to keep one to the trail? I don't believe there is any *meum* and *tuum* at fourteen thousand feet; it isn't the rule in Kalsi, I'll swear! . . . But it may be one of our own fellows."

"It is not," the Colonel assured him. "Yes, Yusuf knows a good deal; he is a wonderfully acute person; his only fault is that his unchecked methods are a little too Asiatic to use in a delicate affair. . . . It would be necessary to get the plan—to destroy it. I understand it is very complicated—not to be carried in a man's head. Ye—es, it might be done," he meditated, "but it would not be easy, and it would not be even as safe as shooting *ovis poli*."

"Can I see this Yusuf?" Oakley queried. He added gleefully: "You are going to let me try; you need not deny it, Sir! You don't say things without a reason."

"Don't I?" said Colonel Silver. "It is not quite settled yet, Charles." He became a little abstracted. He was thinking of the young man's heritage, his home in a far-off English county. To be sure, he had younger brothers. . . .

Oakley was watching him with the zest of coming enterprise written upon his face. Silver would have chosen him, upon his merits, out of a thousand; he, too, knew that he was good stuff, and he came of a fine breed.

"You had better come here at six," he concluded, looking at his watch, "and hear what Yusuf has to say."

A snowstorm, wild and sleety, danced its way over the southern spurs of the watershed. There were valleys embedded in them, pigmy valleys among the giants, where a few huddled villages looked up at precipices, and boulder-strewn defiles, and the high glaciers of the snowy ranges. In the lowlands there had been apricot-trees and herds of goats, visible means of subsistence; higher, there were deodars and flowery slopes; higher still, the bones of the mountains stuck out grimly, and, in the lull of the storm, the boom of descending avalanches pierced the freezing air.

Oakley, who had been climbing uncharted regions by moonlight, which is not an easy exercise, crept shivering into shelter as the storm swept past him. It had been daylight for two hours. He had eaten an insufficient breakfast of chocolate and dried apricots; he was nodding with sleep and exhaustion; he snapped at the lean, wiry Punjabi who stood at the entrance to his refuge, loins girded and staff in hand.

"I am not going any farther this morning, Yusuf," he said. "Do you suppose I have been brought up to hanging on by my eyebrows to nothing in the dark? Go away, and call me at eleven. I should like a Bombay curry, and some oatmeal porridge, and some herrings, and a gallon of hot coffee for *bara hazri*, please."

Yusuf Mahomet smiled. The snow lashed him in the face; he stooped to bring himself under the lee of the rock. The wind went roaring past them; they had to raise their voices when they spoke.

"There are many *kos* between the Sahib and the food he desires," he said. "I, too, have hungered a little. But there are only a few *kos* to the place I spoke of, the place where we must wait; and we must get there before they do. We have travelled upon our feet all through the night; they will march at daybreak. The Sahib said we were to allow an eight hours' margin, and if we do not go forward now we shall not have it."

"On our feet? On our knees and elbows, you mean," Oakley said. He looked at a pair of dogskin gloves, worn through to grazed and bleeding palms, and, mournfully, at the state of his breeches. "Are you sure you are going to strike the road at the right spot?"

Yusuf stepped out of their refuge for a moment.

"There is Hara Devi," he said, and he pointed to a towering white peak five-and-twenty miles away. "There is Shawa, behind the lower ridge, which is fifteen *kos* from it; and they must pass to Shawa. We have come as straight as the birds fly."

"I would I were a bird," chanted Oakley in his own tongue. He stooped, groaning, and laced up a boot; he readjusted the straps of his knapsack and screwed up his flask. "Come on, then. I suppose pieces of us may get there, if not the whole. Thank goodness, the storm is passing!"

He limped out, and they moved on slowly, slanting their heads against the wind, toiling over the rough ground under the ribbed and drifted snow, working doggedly down towards the valley between them and a parallel ridge that was hanging in the middle distance. It appeared to be a straightforward piece of work, descent and ascent equally and smoothly divided; but Oakley had learned by experience that things in the uplands of Kalsi are not what they seem. There were many intervening subsidiary clefts and pockets to negotiate. He stumbled after his guide, and resigned himself to his fate.

Yusuf, testing the uneven ground with his *lathi*, watched every fold of the hillsides as he plodded on. He was, in spite of extreme cold and semi-starvation and many bruises, enjoying himself immensely. He had found the work he loved. He was a trained sleuth-hound, bred to track men through the unsavoury intrigue of a hill-Raja's Court or out upon the mountains; but he was a born fighting-man, whose militant qualities had been too long, in his own opinion, unemployed. The fascination of shadowing the Raja's northern visitor, brushing against him in the narrow alleys of the foul little city upon the hill-top, scenting him under his disguise, burrowing into the inner workings of the Court in pursuit of his purpose, had been good; but it was not to compare with the grapple that he promised himself should end this race across a barren land. He and Oakley had gone to many pains to conceal their progress: they had skirted habitations; lain hidden by day and toiled forward by night; they had robbed orchards and hen-roosts to get supplies; he had not permitted his charge to show himself except on rare and safe occasions. He swung forward gleefully into the open now: the goal was in sight; he was fretting to throw caution to the winds and meet the enemy face to face.

Oakley was, of course, the difficulty; a babe could have told his nationality, and any moderately intelligent being would have seen that there was something unusual in the manner of his travelling, without a coolie or a gun-case or a pack-pony. He was the trump card, not to be played until the end of the game, and Yusuf cherished him tenderly. He halted now, after a couple of miles upon their way, and turned to address him. They had dropped down until they were under the ridge; there were here only a few patches of snow in snug corners; and though the wind whistled and piped like a lost soul, the great cold had departed, and some scrubby vegetation was making shift to live between the boulders.

Yusuf pointed to a faint zigzag which was scored on the slope above them, and which descended and lost itself in distance towards the north.

"There is the Shawa road," he said triumphantly. "Did I not say we had come straight? They must climb from the other side to it, and they will then descend to us. Now it remains for me to find a safe hiding-place for the Sahib, and I think I shall find it below the crest of the ridge, where the great stones lie."

He moved on again, working diagonally up the slope and going cautiously from cover to cover, and Oakley followed him. They drew near enough to the road to see it for what it was—a rough, narrow track marked out by the obstructions that had been rolled away from it; and presently they were within fifty yards of it, and Yusuf, moving to and fro like a terrier, selected the ambush.

"Now, if the Sahib pleases, he may sleep," he said, inviting repose upon a bed of flints behind a bulging shoulder of rock. "I climb yet a little farther, to the brow of the hill, to see what there may be to be seen. It is not yet noon; they will not come until close upon sunset."

"You had much better lie close and wait for them," Oakley said, stretching himself out wearily. "You can do no good by poking about at the top of the hill, and you may expose yourself and do great harm."

Yusuf looked down at him with the flash of an eye, his nostrils dilated.

"I—I cannot rest now," he said. "It is years since I saw a good fight; it goes to my head."

Oakley threw the note of command into his voice. He was not quite as indifferent as he professed to be. He had looked forward to this day through many weary ones; but now he set himself to throw cold water on Yusuf Mahomet's lust of battle.

"I say that you shall be still," he said; and the Punjabi settled unwillingly on his heels. "Don't run away with the idea that there is going to be a scrap; please remember it is the very thing we must do our utmost to avoid. Keep quiet, and simmer down. It

is your watch, I think; I took the last." He ran over his general instructions. "Don't smoke and don't wander, and rouse me at the first sight of our friends, or at the end of my spell." He wriggled his back against the rock, unbuttoned his cap and made it snug, inspected his revolver, and nibbled a biscuit spread with beef jelly. In five minutes plot and counterplot had receded from his mind; he slept the healthy sleep of a soldier, with his gloves for a pillow.

Yusuf, unused to subordination, made a valiant effort to obey orders. He was a little dashed by the young man's phlegm; it was not in this mood that he could face the day's issues. The suggestion of a peaceful settlement, though it had been laid down a dozen times, pleased him as little as when he had first heard it. He squatted silently for half an hour, chewing the cud of reflection; and then he rose with the noiseless movement of the spy, and stepped over the sleeping Oakley, and crept out of the ambush up to the forbidden vantage-ground.

Oakley woke two hours later with a start. The sun was high in the heavens—a sun that burnt in spite of the wind from the snows and the altitude of the valley. His corner, being sheltered, was comfortably warm; he might have slept on there, after his night's travail, for thrice the time. But something external had awakened him; he turned on to his back and gathered up his wandering wits. He was very stiff, and he had a crick in the neck. . . . Slowly he took in the elbow of rock, the grotesque boulders, the tufts of queer high-Himalayan vegetation. And then he knew that what he had heard in his dreams had been the crack of a rifle. He sat up—and there was no Yusuf Mahomet.

This was disaster, no less; he knew it in a moment. He and Yusuf carried revolvers only. Fool—fool that he had been to trust a scattered-brained firebrand to possess common obedience and common caution! He cursed himself bitterly as he rose to hands and knees, and peered out of his nook.

A little shower of stones was sliding lazily down the ridge, and coming sluggishly to a standstill upon the broken, flatter ground. Oakley followed its descent, glanced upwards, and quickly withdrew his head. Yusuf was lying motionless not twenty paces away, with his feet up the hill and his arms huddled under his head, and three men on the skyline were looking down upon him.

The limpness of the prostrate figure, the cool observation of the newcomers, told its own story. Oakley kept very still. The shower of stones trickled again, briskly; and he waited. A voice began to speak, and he hazarded another peep. The three men had descended the slope.

They were two Kalsis and a European in a brown Norfolk jacket and soft leather boots, whose face was shaded by a huge pith helmet, and who leaned, as he stood, upon a rifle. He was a big man, with high cheekbones and a bleached skin—Russian by his boots, his features, the patient pains he had expended upon his mission. He was in the act of stirring the fallen man contemptuously with his foot; and at that, and the meaning of Yusuf's indifference to the insult, Oakley's blood boiled within him. But he remained quiet; he was one to three and a rifle; he had still his work to do.

"Is it the man?" said a crisp voice in bad Kalsi.

"It is the man without doubt. Your Honour will have remembered that I knew him well. He passed for a merchant of glass beads in the bazar. He was as cunning as a fox; but there were other people, too, with eyes."

"He will not spy again. Search him," said the first voice.

Other sounds followed, and presently one of the Kalsis spoke.

"It is a wonderful weapon. If your Honour does not greatly desire it—"

"No; give it to me. English—yes! Is that money? Oh, that you may keep. Are there no papers, no signs—? There, let me see for myself. . . . No, the dog went empty-handed. That was wise. But what a fool to cross my path alone!"

"Perhaps there are others near, my lord."

"No, no; he went alone: do spies creep in company? He was, as his Honour says, but a fool. Bah!" Oakley guessed the speaker spat upon the dead man.

"I am going on," said the voice of authority. "Finish your crows' work, and be quick. Take the rifle and follow with it carefully, you. That was a good shot of mine—even if the fall had not broken his neck."

The stones rattled again; there was the scrunch of feet departing.

The other men bent their heads together, chattering as they divided the spoils, absorbed in the joys of plunder. They were, as their employer had said, at crows' work; but they were not as wary as the crows. Neither of them saw a head protrude from behind a rock, and vanish, and reappear after a minute's interval in a nearer ambushade. The Russian receded slowly, and came to a standstill a hundred yards away, rolling and lighting a cigarette, and looking towards the north.

Oakley recognised regretfully that it could not be done without noise or bloodshed. The ulterior motive

was not only revenge for the cold-blooded killing of Yusuf Mahomet, who had paid for his rashness by a rabbit's death; if it had been, he might have set himself to devise other methods of attack. He had come far and been mulcted in the loss of his guide, for another reason: it would not do, because he was justly angry, to forget it. He rose to one knee, fired twice, and rushed in to close quarters.

One man, who had been stooping, pitched over without a sound and dropped across the half-stripped body. The other gave a shout of pain and rage, his hand—the hand which had held the rifle—dangling from the wrist, and sprang in the direction of the attack. He was no coward, and he was not slow-witted. As Oakley closed with him he whipped out a knife and met him pluckily, twisting his uninjured arm to get it free from the sudden grip, struggling, and burying his teeth in the Englishman's jacket. His assailant tripped him up and tore the knife out of his grasp, and they came to the ground together, the broken wrist undermost. There was no doubt as to the issue; and before the leader, who had wheeled at the sound of shots, could come to the rescue, Oakley, crouching behind a rock a couple of paces to the rear of the wounded man, was more than ready for him. His haste died; he came to a standstill upon the broken ground, his figure clearly defined upon a slight incline, his enemy snug in cover, barely perceptible among the great drab boulders.

"Throw that revolver down," Oakley said. He was looking along the shining barrel of the man's own rifle, and he addressed him in his mother tongue. "Raise your hands above your head, and walk in to me."

He came slowly, white to the lips with passion. He halted.

"Please to turn your back."

Again he obeyed.

"Thank you," Oakley said,

slipping a hunting knife out of his belt, and relieving him of a bandolier and cartridges. "That will do. Now let us look each other in the face. Keep your distance, please."

The Russian turned to him, and they stood silent for a minute or two, eyeing each other, weighing the puzzle of their jealous nationalities, the one with a livid, baffled face, the other with the flush of success upon his cheeks, his cheerful eyes belying a studiously indifferent manner.

"Why did you kill my guide?" Oakley said.

The other man shrugged his shoulders, and made no reply.

"You shot him in the back at sight. He had not attacked you," Oakley continued.

"He was my enemy."

"That is so. So, for the matter of that, am I. . . . I want the papers sold to you by the Khan of Kalsi."

The prisoner made an involuntary forward movement, and Oakley checked him significantly by the movement of a trigger-finger.

"It is no good," he said. "You, I dare say, are a soldier, too; you must know when resistance is useless. I must have those papers—and, by God, if you will not hand them out to me I shall take them by—by a force I don't want to use if it can be avoided."

The whistling wind played with his words. The wounded man groaned heavily and drew up his knees. There were no conscious witnesses to the encounter. The white mountains, hand in hand about a pale-blue skyline, the broad burning sunshine, the great silence of the high desert engirdled the two men.



They were two Kalsis and a European.

"Will you fight for them? It is an affair of honour," the Russian said.

"No," Oakley said briskly, "I won't. It is not my private business. But I will burn them under your nose if that suits you. And—oh—talking about fighting, I will meet you in Europe if you like, the next time we are both there, and give you the satisfaction of a gentleman. Will that do?"

"It is better than nothing," the prisoner said, and stood frowning over the proposition, biting the back of his forefinger. "It will do," he agreed unwillingly, and slowly unbuttoned his coat.

"Pin them down with a stone," Oakley suggested, as the papers fluttered frantically in the wind. "Thanks! Now step back again, and keep your hands up while I look through them."

His inspection took some time; the swift destruction

which followed was not so long. In the end he rose to his feet, and heaved a sigh of deep relief.

"And now we go our separate ways," he said. "I suppose I must wait here and watch you out of sight on the Shawa road. . . . There is the wounded man, too—a very awkward complication."

The Russian, free to move, came across to the Kalsi, looked him over, and dribbled a little brandy between his teeth.

"Leave him to me," he said. "I know these fellows: they are as hard as the rocks they live among. Oh, I will take the Shawa road as soon as I have got him on his legs; my way is arranged; I believe my return journey is likely to be easier than yours, after all.

Word of honour of an officer. . . .! But it will give me the greatest pleasure to meet you when I take my leave next year."

"With pleasure also," Oakley said. He scribbled his name and club upon the leaf of a pocket-book, and gravely handed it over.

The Russian began to gather up his effects.

"You might leave me my rifle," he said. "I confess that, if you had not given me something to look forward to, I should have followed you up and done my best to wipe out your triumph of to-day by any means. But as it is, I am content; and you need have no further anxiety about my movements. This will find you—next year?"

"Oh, yes. There is your rifle, then. I will take the spare revolver," Oakley said. He watched the regained composure of the other man with amazement: calm had succeeded tempest; a reticent tranquillity to the fury of an outwitted conspirator; dignity to the grotesque helplessness of upraised hands. He reflected that his return journey, at whatever risk, must be by way of the Khan's citadel, lest this philosophical person should play the game twice over.

He lifted his cap, and went to Yusuf to do the

last offices for him, a little incomprehensive of his attitude towards Yusuf's murderer. But they were out upon the summits of a strange land; he had been through weeks of abnormal incident; the snow-drifts and the wide, dreary valleys justified strange happenings, if they did not altogether elucidate them. Only, what had he promised to do next year in matter-of-fact Europe?

"That is the part of it that will annoy Silver," Oakley reflected. "The rest was brutal, but it came naturally enough: he would understand it. . . . But what else could I do? And, as it happened, it solved a very pressing problem."

He moved away.

"*Au revoir*, Mr. Oakley," said the Russian from his patient's side.

And "*Au revoir*," said Oakley, and turned his mind to the labours of a return journey.

THE END.

THE SUSPENDED OPERATIONS IN SOMALILAND: MAJOR GOUGH'S FIGHT ON APRIL 23.

SKETCHES (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE EXPEDITION.



NATIVE TROOPS UNDER BRITISH LEADERSHIP: THE CHARGE OF THE YAOS, LED BY CAPTAIN E. W. TOWNSEND, AT DARATOLEH.

Thirty Yaos (King's African Rifles) were engaged in the affair at Daratoleh, and to their bravery and endurance a high compliment has been paid. The Sikhs, the Somali Camel Corps, and the Somali Infantry also fought very pluckily.



THE RETURN OF MAJOR GOUGH'S COLUMN TO BOHOTLE AFTER THE FIGHT AT DARATOLEH.

Major Gough's engagement at Daratoleh, near Danop, is one of the few pieces of work of the campaign upon which one can reflect with satisfaction. When attacked, the commander threw his little force into hollow square; and, in order to economise ammunition, ordered several bayonet charges, which were made with the greatest dash and gallantry by the native troops. On its return the victorious column made somewhat of a triumphal entry into Bohotle.

THE SUSPENDED OPERATIONS IN SOMALILAND: MAJOR GOUGH'S FIGHT.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE EXPEDITION.



A CORNER WITHIN MAJOR GOUGH'S SQUARE AT DARATOLEH: LIEUTENANT HORTON, I.M.S., DRESSING THE WOUNDS.

Major Gough's engagement was peculiarly severe and protracted. The fight began at half-past ten on the morning of April 23, and ended at half-past five in the afternoon. The men were on duty from three in the morning until four a.m. on the following day. The combat took place in dense bush, and the enemy's attack was successfully repelled by the accurate fire of the British forces.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The Land of the Black Mountain. By R. Wyon and G. Prance. (London: Methuen. 6s.)
Two Years at the Front with the Mounted Infantry. The Diary of Lieutenant Moeller. (London: Grant Richards. 6s.)
An Ivory Trader in North Kenya. By A. Arkell Hardwicke, F.R.G.S. (London: Longmans. 12s. 6d.)
Life and Letters of Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D., D.C.L. By his son, Arthur Westcott. (London: Macmillan. 17s. net.)
The Man of Letters. By Sir George Douglas, Bart. (London: Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)
The History of the Hawtreys Family. By Florence Molesworth Hawtreys. Two vols. (London: George Allen. 21s.)

If "The Land of the Black Mountain," otherwise Montenegro, cannot be recommended to visitors who suffer from weak nerves, it offers undoubted attractions to those of more robust temperament who have no objection to reckless drivers and the very casual use of firearms. The travels of Messrs. Wyon and Prance took them into regions where the peasant carries his rifle as regularly as the Londoner carries his umbrella, and where the hourly possibilities of a standing blood feud with neighbours are regarded in much the same light as we view the contingency of a shower. The authors tell us that under the firm rule of Prince Nicolas the vendetta is surely dying out; but so long as the military constitution practically compels men who "are hot-blooded and shoot quickly" to carry arms regularly, it is permissible to doubt whether this deeply rooted institution can be ever entirely suppressed. Apart from this little idiosyncrasy, which appears to render life in some parts not widely dissimilar from Border life in this country five centuries ago, Montenegro has great attractions. The principality combines the grandeur of Norway with the beauties of Italy; and the eager hospitality and polished courtesy shown the authors by men of all classes move them to enthusiasm. Those who are prepared to "rough it" very thoroughly should find ample compensation in the glorious scenery, the absence of conventional restraints, and in the welcome accorded by a people whose virile and amiable qualities must command our esteem. The book is very pleasantly written and is fairly well illustrated; it deserves a better index.

Lieutenant Bertie Moeller enlisted in the C.I.V. for South Africa, and received a commission in the 2nd Middlesex when his soldierly qualities had attracted the attention of Lord Roberts. At the time of his death he was marked out for further promotion. His diary, written with the utmost simplicity and brevity for members of his own family, has a wider interest, because it illustrates the temperament of the born soldier, the man who loves the profession of arms, and serves his country with an ideal of duty quite unintelligible to people who accuse their country of "militarism." There are no heroics in Bertie Moeller's chronicle. He expresses no opinion about the war; but he jots down in a plain, unvarnished way the business-like details of campaigning. Much of it was concerned with foraging at Boer farms; and the strangely constituted persons who always saw in imagination a brutal soldiery looting Boer homesteads will be disappointed when they read this: "I bought six chickens, two ducks, a sackful of dried peaches, and two dozen eggs for twenty shillings, then went back and called up one of my men, returned, and loaded everything in two sacks. I was just taking a look round, and bargaining for a pig, when we were fired at from a clump of shrubs six hundred yards north-east of farm. Bundled up sacks, picked up rifles, paid old woman, who was awfully excited, and galloped off!" Probably the old woman was excited because she feared that her friends in the shrubs had fired too soon, and that she would not be paid. Elsewhere Lieutenant Moeller states very clearly the policy of British officers in their dealings with the so-called non-combatants. "I make a point now of examining every farm. Should I find rifles and ammunition, I should naturally loot the place. Otherwise, I invariably pay for everything I get." As milk was sixpence a quart, bread a shilling a loaf, eggs twenty for a shilling, and butter a shilling a pound, the Boer housewife did not fare ill—when she abstained from making her farm an arsenal. Six months before the end of the war Lieutenant Moeller fell in action, when trying to save a wounded trooper from some Boers whose standard of chivalry was not that of Louis Botha. This diary should serve as a useful memorial not only of a brave officer, but also of the conduct of the British army in the field.

There is very little about trade, but a great deal about fighting, in "An Ivory Trader in North Kenya"; indeed, Mr. Arkell Hardwicke's journey round Mount Kenya and down the Waso Nyiro River in search of the Lorian swamp was one of the most exciting expeditions that have been recorded. Some of the tribes dwelling on the eastern slopes of the mountain are friendly enough, but others are "civil only in direct proportion to their idea of a caravan's power of reprisal." A daring policy of bluff carried the party of three white men and their native followers safely through the M'bu country; but it was considered necessary for the maintenance of prestige to try and avenge a gratuitous attack which had been made by the savage Embe people on a Somali caravan, and this enterprise proved a failure that only through sheer good luck did not end in utter disaster. The first result of this reverse was the pillaging by another tribe, the Wa' G'nainu, of certain trade goods that had been placed in charge of a friendly chief—which proceeding entailed punitive measures attended by considerable loss of life to the offenders. After leaving the Kenya region the party travelled north till they reached the Waso Nyiro, above Chanler Falls, and then took their way along the stream in search of the Burkeneji and Rendili tribes, from whom they hoped to purchase ivory. As this country was destitute of population, they enjoyed freedom from complications with natives, but daily excitement was provided by the rhinoceros, which were as numerous and aggressive as Mr. Astor Chanler found them. Little is known of the two tribes of

nomads sought, and eventually found, by the party; and Mr. Arkell Hardwicke's chapter on these people, their character and habits, short though it is, is a welcome addition to our knowledge. The attempt to reach Lorian was a failure. The vast swamp, originally described by the first discoverers as a lake, had vanished altogether, owing, doubtless, as the author suggests, to a prolonged period of drought. If a rather flippant style occasionally jars, the narrative deserves praise as a modest and graphic account of an adventurous journey.

The great Cambridge quartette—Lightfoot, Westcott, Hort, and Benson—do not cease to interest the world, though all are now gathered to their rest; but it must regretfully be admitted that the Life of Westcott does not add very much to our knowledge of them. Possibly the Bishop's biographer felt the difficulty of traversing the old ground, and for this reason fell back upon certain details of the Bishop's private life which, it must be confessed, do not very much interest other people. The love-letters of a boy or an undergraduate—even though they be marked by an astonishing solemnity and solidity of topic for correspondence of this kind—belong to the class of material of which it may, without offence, be said that a little goes a very long way. Intimate communications of this kind fill so much of the two volumes that there is a decided deficiency of the anecdote about persons of importance for which people are accustomed to look in works of this kind. On the other hand, the Life gives us a clear picture of the great scholar and ecclesiastic. The sincere and very humble piety which marked all his life from childhood onwards, the immense industry which served him so well, the unworldliness and lack of mean ambitions which distinguished Westcott, his life-long interest in economic problems, the influence of his character on men of all ranks, his wonderful power over the Durham miners in particular—all these things are put before us with a simplicity which has much of Westcott himself about it. It is not a book to be skimmed for the sake of an occasional anecdote or side-light on recent Church history, though these must not be forgotten; it is rather a work to be read quietly and to be leisurely digested. Whosoever reads it thus—parson or layman—should be the better for this record of a life at once Godly and manly. The illustrations—some of which show how clever an artist Westcott was—are excellent.

Sir George Douglas is well known as a poet and an essayist, but we believe that he has not before published a novel. "The Man of Letters"—the criticism is as obvious as it is necessary—is a novel of the kind that we should expect from an agreeable essayist. Pathologists and worshippers of sensation will find in it nothing to interest them, and the thread of incident is very slight; but there is a distinct atmosphere—these cant terms can hardly be avoided—which it is pleasant to breathe. The author is old-fashioned enough to write of people who live decent lives in country-houses of the kind that our up-to-date Elizabeths do not visit. The wickedest character in the book only elopes with his friend's fiancée. The story is cast in autobiographical form: the narrator, a boy brought up at home by his widowed mother and a worshipping aunt, sees nothing of the world until he goes up to Cambridge, whence he emerges priggish, full of literary ambitions, and taking himself with extraordinary seriousness. The story is merely an episode—that of his engagement to and desertion by a pretty girl with more humour than principle, who finds his literary efforts deliciously funny. Several of the few characters are shadowy, but as a study of the amateur literary temperament the story is distinctly successful. Nevertheless, the realisation of one character, and that a character not particularly interesting, is a slight foundation for a novel.

At the present moment there is an extraordinary and, from the historian's point of view, very important revival of interest in what may be called the pedigree side of social history. "The History of the Hawtreys Family" is a case in point. The two volumes are enriched with four curious and instructive pedigrees of the noted family in question; and as, fortunately for Miss Hawtreys, who has compiled this history of her forebears with pious care, the Hawtreys, one and all, were enthusiastic letter-writers, she is able to reconstitute in a very striking manner the individualities of those among them who flourished during the eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries. As most people who study such matters are aware, the Hawtreys family have now had a connection with Eton for over two hundred years; they have provided the famous school with numerous tutors, one very famous Provost, several "dames," and last, not least, with whole generations of notable Etonians. Accordingly, in many of the letters published in these two volumes we find curious glimpses of what the great school was like in the days when the masters used to sleep in their pupil-rooms in press-beds, and when many tutors were "dames." "The History of the Hawtreys Family" contains much which will attract all old Etonians; while the story of Miss Hawtreys' own father and mother reads like a quaint eighteenth-century romance, particularly valuable being that portion of it which contains the autobiography of her maternal uncle, Edward Watson, who went through the Peninsular War, of which is here given the most vivid account. Miss Hawtreys' own father had an extraordinary career. Beginning life as a brilliant and successful officer—his letters, written early in the last century from the West Indies, give the impression of a man of high and resolute character—he came across, when about thirty, some disciples of Wesley, and gave up his military career to become a humble minister of the Gospel; and as such, his name is still remembered in Ireland, Devonshire, and in Cornwall. This Mr. Hawtreys, the descriptions of whose spiritual experiences are human documents of an unusual kind, finally received ordination in the Church of England, and after holding various livings, settled down at Kingston Seymour, Somerset, which benefice he continued to hold during the remainder of his life.

AN INDICTMENT OF THE CONGO FREE STATE.

BY H. R. FOX BOURNE.

Somewhat grudgingly, the Government consented last week to exercise its right of interference with the policy which has long been adopted by the authorities of the Congo Free State. That State was brought into existence eighteen years ago at the famous Berlin Conference. The duty it took upon itself was twofold; it was to befriend the original inhabitants of the vast portion of Central Africa entrusted to its custody, to rescue them from slavery and other abominations, and to ensure their moral and material improvement. In the second place, it was to open the country to honest trade in the legitimate interests of all other civilised and civilising nations, claiming for its services only a fair compensation for the good work it undertook to do. King Leopold, who was promptly allowed to style himself Sovereign of the Congo Free State, and to make detailed arrangements for carrying on the undertaking, went out of his way to declare that his intentions were exclusively philanthropic and cosmopolitan. How scandalously his obligations in the matter of open commerce have been violated need not here be shown, though this was an offence which had reasonable weight in the decision come to by the House of Commons. A graver offence is the ill-treatment that the twenty-five or thirty million natives have received, and are still receiving, at the hands of his agents.

Appeal has been repeatedly made, and especially in a book just published on "L'Afrique Nouvelle," by Professor Descamps, an expert in international law to the benevolent intentions of the Berlin Conference and to the no less benevolent professions in the laws that have since been set up for the guidance of Congo State officials. The intentions were doubtless genuine, and so may have been the professions. But facts have to be faced; and even the Congo Government no longer denies that abuses are plentiful. All it asserts is that it is doing what it can to check these abuses. The complaint of its critics is that the system which has grown up is one that, however well-meaning its inception may have been, renders the abuses inevitable, and has brought about a state of things which can only be adequately remedied by a complete change of the entire machinery of administration. Having almost from the first proclaimed nearly the whole of the enormous territory of some nine hundred thousand square miles to be the property of the State, in which the natives themselves had no right of ownership over more than the small gardens that they cultivated and the villages in which they lived, the Congo Government began ten years ago to lease vast tracts of this territory to chartered companies, in which it or its sovereign holds for the most part half—and in one case two-thirds—of the shares. Out of the savage and, as a rule, cannibal tribes whom it employed in mastering for it the other tribes constituting the bulk of the population, it has collected an army of more than 17,000 "regular" troops, aided by at least 10,000 "auxiliaries." It also supplies an unlimited quantity of European arms and ammunition to the heads of any number of "chefferies" that have been set up in various parts of the country. When these armed and ill-disciplined black servants, most of them recruited by force and only retained in a semblance of loyalty by their being allowed ample scope for their savage propensities, are not employed in open war against other and still unconquered savages, occupation is found for them in toiling on the plantations and public works under the immediate control of the State's agents, and much more extensively in collecting rubber and other commodities for the concessionaire companies. Occurrences during the past few years in the Bangala and Equateur districts are flagrant examples of the abominations resulting from the use made of the "force publique" on sentry work in the collection of rubber. The apology, such as it is, for the wickedness done in this way is that the State is not responsible for the action of the companies. This apology would be preposterous even if it were not the fact that the State, or its sovereign in his independent capacity, is the largest shareholder in the companies, that they only exist by its license, and that European as well as native servants are the agents employed by those companies in their wrongdoing.

The American missionary, Mr. Morrison, of whose testimony much use was made in the House of Commons debate, is the latest witness to the atrocities complained of, and his evidence comes down to the beginning of the present year. But similar, and in some particulars graver and more comprehensive charges have been made by level-headed travellers like Mr. Grogan and the late Mr. Glave, as well as by others. We are still not fully informed as to what actually goes on in many parts of this darkest portion of the "Dark Continent." But occasional disclosures from the remote districts, and veracious testimony from better-known regions, make it abundantly clear that monstrous evils are being done, which the Congo State cannot or will not make serious effort to suppress. Wherever there is rubber to collect, and opportunity of coercing them, the natives are forced to collect it for a paltry wage or no wage at all. If they object they are tortured, mutilated, or shot down, in order that those who survive may be frightened into compliance with the cruel orders imposed upon them. The cannibal allies of the State are allowed, and even encouraged, to terrorise the unarmed natives among whom they are planted. There is open slave-raiding for the supply of as many men as there is need for in the service of their white masters and of as many women as can be used in baser ways. These, at any rate, are allegations warranting, as his Majesty's Government admits, the appeal it has promised to make to the other Powers who share with it responsibility for the creation and continuance of the Congo State, with a view, in the first place, to a searching inquiry as to the facts, and, after that, if necessary, to the application of such pressure as will speedily end an organisation which has failed in the task assigned to it.

THE GREAT NONCONFORMIST DEMONSTRATION AGAINST THE LONDON EDUCATION BILL.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



HUMOURS OF THE HYDE PARK MEETING, MAY 23.

The demonstration was probably the largest that has been held since the last Franchise agitation. A great procession marched from the Embankment to Hyde Park by way of Clubland. After listening to speeches by prominent Free Church leaders, who were stationed on twelve platforms, the meeting unanimously passed a resolution condemning the Bill.

DERBY DAY: THE LUNCHEON INTERVAL ON EPSOM DOWNS.

DRAWN BY H. L. BACON.



A SIBYL OF THE RACE-COURSE.

TWO NOTEWORTHY THEATRICAL PRODUCTIONS.

DRAWINGS BY RALPH CLEAVER. (SEE "THE PLAYHOUSES.")



A PLAY BY A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT: MR. TREE'S PRESENTATION OF "THE GORDIAN KNOT," BY MR. CLAUDE LOWTHER, M.P., AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE, MAY 20.



MISS ELLEN TERRY'S PRESENTATION OF "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING," AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE, MAY 23

THE MYSTERY OF MEMORY.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Lately I perused a most charming lecture delivered before a medical society by Dr. J. F. Goodhart. The charm of the discourse was not due alone to the nature of the subject, but to the interesting fashion in which it was treated. The lecture, addressed to a medical body, contained much that was calculated to set the laity a-thinking, since it dealt here and there with problems of mind such as every educated person of necessity considers from time to time. Dr. Goodhart styled his discourse, "Where Memory Sleeps," and he acquired his title from Newbolt's stanza—

Ye that have heard the whispering dead
In every wind that creeps,
Or felt the stir that strains the lead
Beneath the moulded heaps,
Tread softly, ah! more softly tread
Where memory sleeps—
Where memory sleeps.

Apart altogether from the purely technical aspects of Dr. Goodhart's lecture, the subject of memory, both in its waking and its sleeping aspects, must always prove fascinating. The obscurity which surrounds the whole topic of how and why we remember, forms not the least of the incentives to a close study of memories at large. To-day we are all agreed regarding the fact that the microscopic "neurons," or cells, of the brain are the agents whereby all our mental acts are carried out and our lives at large governed and controlled. We may and do differ regarding the relationship of these wondrous living cells to nervous action and to thought. We may hold that they are the mere instruments on which consciousness plays; or, if you belong to another school of thought, you may aver that consciousness itself is the result of the molecular stirrings of these same brain-cells. These are questions of psychological polemics, with which, happily, in this article, I have no concern. Mere deputies or originators of "mind," brain-cells are at least the organised units of our governing body.

One important consideration for us here, however, is that which shows forth that all the cells of a brain are not of equal physiological value. That is to say, while some of them represent the Cabinet of our bodily Government, and are charged with the duty of deciding the momentous issues which concern our welfare, others are of lesser rank, acting as heads of departments, and others, again, executive units carrying out the instructions of their superiors. We find the principle of division of labour represented in the brain, as, in truth, we discover that principle in action all over our body. Now, if we seek to locate where memory is—where it wakes and where it sleeps alike—these latter considerations must prove of importance. Is memory, in other words, a property or quality of every cell in the brain?—there are hundreds of millions of them—or is it exercised by some special sets of cells, constituting what one might call the memory bureau or mnemonical office? Do we "memorise" with each cell as occasion calls for the need for remembrance, or are all the memories stored up, pigeon-holed in fact, in some specialised area, whence they are extracted at will and sent onwards to the brain-Cabinet, there to be utilised?

Of course there is no answer, so far as I am aware, at present available to these queries. We cannot localise memory. We do know that the quality of our memories often changes; that as our years pass over our heads remembrance fails for some items of life, while it develops in new directions for others. If it sleeps temporarily, it may also awaken from its nap livelier than ever. Also, it is probable that some memories may be entirely obliterated. Cases we know in which, after a knock on the head, all remembrance of acts and doings for some time previous to the injury is forever abolished. This would seem to point to the idea that for remembrance we require a certain interval to elapse. It is as if the process of registration of what has been seen and heard demands time by way of fixing the information received, just as the photographer requires his interval for the fixation of the image on his negative.

Dr. Goodhart referred to one most interesting point in connection with memory when he asserted that while it sleeps it does not die. He led up to this assertion through the well-known fact that in late life we find old folks babbling about the events of their youth when they have lost all interest in current affairs. Is this result due to the impairment or actual disappearance of brain-cells which have served the subjects during their active terms of existence, with the concurrent result of reawakening into activity cells which, charged with the memories of youthful days, have long been asleep? I confess this, to me, seems a very feasible view of matters; only it leaves the whereabouts of our remembrance as far off from determination as ever.

If, as is true, each brain-cell is a living unit, charged with its own share of bodily governance—many groups of cells, we are told, we do not use at all—I do not see why we may not assume that each cell in any way concerned in the activities of life may possess its own memory. This view would coincide with the division of labour principle to which I have referred. If a cell has to govern a muscle-fibre, why should we not regard its memory as devoted to its own special duty? If another cell or group is charged with the duty of deciding momentous issues of life and conduct, may we not regard the particular memory here as exercised by each unit or group? There is gladness in remembrance at least, as there may be sorrow's crown in remembering happier things. But things are squared here, it seems to me; because, if we lose sight of happiness when memory sleeps, we may also thereby forget much suffering and much pain,

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

A. W. DANIEL (Bridge End).—Thanks, it shall be carefully examined. Your previous problem, however, has yet to be published, which, we trust, will be shortly.

BANARSI DAS (Moradabad).—Problem to hand. If it is as good as the last it will be highly appreciated.

C. BLUNDELL (Oakham).—We are compelled to ask that problems be submitted on a diagram. There is always a chance of error in transcription.

H. A. SALWAY (St. John's Wood).—It had not been lost, but we have no objection to your gentle hint.

G. BAKKER (Rotterdam).—Your problem is not bad for a first effort, but you must practise a little more before you get to publication point.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3073 received from Banarsi Das (Moradabad); of No. 3074 from Banarsi Das and F. J. Candy (Tunbridge Wells); of Nos. 3075 to 3078 from Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 3079 from F. B. Worthing, Charles E. Robson (Saffron Walden), A. G. (Pancsova), H. W. Bender (Maidenhead), and Emile Frau; of No. 3080 from W. d'A. Barnard (Uppingham), Emile Frau (Lyons), H. W. Bender, J. W. Gilmour, A. G. (Pancsova), Twynam (Ryde), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), W. A. Lillico (Glasgow), J. F. G. Pietersen (Kingswinford), Fire Plug (Newport), and Eugene Henry (Lewisham).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3081 received from F. K. Pickering (Forest Hill), J. F. Moon, C. E. Perugini, M. Hobhouse, F. J. Candy (Tunbridge Wells), Martin F. Frederick N. Braund (Newport, Isle of Wight), H. W. Bender (Maidenhead), W. d'A. Barnard (Uppingham), Reginald Gordon, W. A. Lillico (Glasgow), Hereward, Charles E. Robson (Saffron Walden), G. Bakker (Rotterdam), Robert A. Gordon (Bayswater), H. S. Brandreth (Weybridge), L. Desanges (Uxbridge), T. Roberts, F. Henderson (Leeds), H. Cockell (Penge), R. Worters (Canterbury), Twynam (Ryde), G. C. B. C. H. Midgley (Stroud Green), Albert Wolff (Putney), E. J. Winter-Wood, F. J. S. (Hampstead), Joseph Cook, Charles Burnett, Shadforth, Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), A. Gardner (Liverpool), J. W. (Campsie), Basil C. (Nottingham), W. D. Easton (Sunderland), Sorrento, Eugene Henry, and Edith Corser (Reigate).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3080.—By A. W. MONGREDIEN.

WHITE.

1. R to B 7th
2. Q to K 5th (ch)
3. Q to K 3rd, Mate.

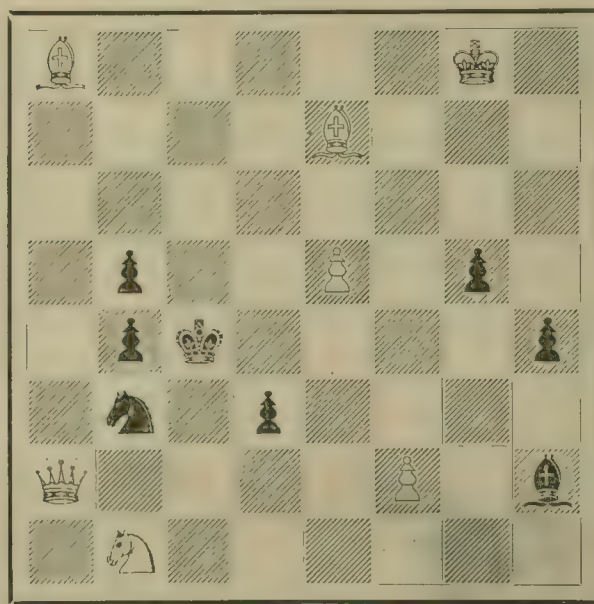
BLACK.

- K takes Kt
- K takes Kt

If Black play 1. Kt takes R, 2. Q to Q 6th (ch); if 1. Kt to Q B 4th, 2. R to Q 8th (ch); if 1. Kt to B 5th, 2. Kt takes P (ch), K moves; 3. Q takes Kt, mate.

PROBLEM No. 3083.—By H. E. KIDSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN VIENNA.

Game played in the Gambit Tournament between Messrs. MARSHALL and MAROCZY.

(Muzio Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. Marshall).	BLACK (Mr. Maroczy).	WHITE (Mr. Marshall).	BLACK (Mr. Maroczy).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	It is somewhat curious that the attack has time for this apparently quiet move, which not only enables White to Castle, but virtually leaves Black in a hopeless position. The ending is brilliantly played by the American master.	
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	9. P to Q 4th	B to R 3rd
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K Kt 4th	10. Castles	Kt to K 2nd
4. B to B 4th	P to Kt 5th	11. Kt to Q 5th	Kt takes Kt
5. Kt to B 3rd	P takes Kt	12. Q takes Q	Kt takes Q
6. Q takes P	P to Q 4th	13. Q takes B	Q Kt to Q 2nd
7. B takes P		14. B takes B	K takes B
8. Kt takes P	Q to B 3rd	15. B takes R	Resigns.
9. P to B 3rd	Q to B 3rd	16. P to K 5th	

Another game in the Tournament between Messrs. MAROCZY and TSCHEGORIN.

(Muzio Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	11. B takes P	B to Kt 3rd
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	12. B to Kt 5th (ch)	Kt to Q 2nd
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K Kt 4th	13. Q R to K sq (ch)	B to K 2nd
4. B to B 4th	P to Kt 5th	14. B takes P	K to B sq
5. Kt to B 3rd	P takes Kt		
6. Q takes P	P to Q 3rd		
7. P to Q 4th	B to K 3rd		
8. Kt to Q 5th	P to Q B 3rd		
9. Castles			
10. P takes P	B to B 4th		

So far, the same variation has been played as in the preceding game. This, however, is seemingly better than P to Q 4th.

It is impossible to believe in the soundness of this second sacrifice of a piece, calling as may be the attack it yields. It succeeds here only by an oversight of the defence.

9. Castles

10. P takes P

11. B takes B

12. Q to K 5th

13. Q takes P

14. B to B 4th

15. R takes B

16. R to K sq

17. B takes Kt

18. Q to K 2nd

19. B to B 4th (ch)

20. Q to K 5th

21. B takes R

22. Q to K 7th

23. Q takes P (ch)

15. R takes B

16. R to K sq

17. B takes Kt

18. Q to K 2nd

19. B to B 4th (ch)

20. Q to K 5th

21. B takes R

22. Q to K 7th

23. Q takes P (ch)

15. R takes B

16. R to K sq

17. B takes Kt

18. Q to K 2nd

19. B to B 4th (ch)

20. Q to K 5th

21. B takes R

22. Q to K 7th

23. Q takes P (ch)

White resigns.

CHESS IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

Game played between Messrs. J. K. CHRISTENSON and W. J. MILES.

(Queen's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	13. P to Q 4th	Q to Q 4th
2. P to Q B 4th	P takes P	14. P to Q R 3rd	Q R to Q sq
3. P to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	15. R to Q 3rd	P to K B 4th
4. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to Q R 3rd	16. B to B 2nd	P to B 5th
5. P to K 4th	P to Kt 5th	17. B to Kt 3rd	Q to K 5th
6. B takes P	P to K 3rd	18. B to B sq	Kt takes K P
7. B to K 3rd	B to K 2nd		
8. Castles	Castles		
9. B to Q 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd		
10. P to K 5th			
11. R to B sq	Kt to Q 4th		
12. R takes Kt	Kt takes Kt		
13. B to Kt sq	K to R sq		

This surrenders the attack, which now

White resigns.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—II.

(See Supplement.)

The difference between the art of Mr. Sargent and that of Mr. Charles W. Furse is very marked. Yet this year, after the Sargents, many visitors will carry away from the exhibition the most vivid portrait-memories of Mr. Furse's three canvases, one of them almost colossal, the other two of considerably larger size than that of any two Sargents of the year. Of his pair of fighting portraits, "Lieutenant-Colonel Sir John Jervis White Jervis, Bart., R.A.," and "Vice-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford," we need say little except that they give some of the romance of war, and that they present in rare union an undoubted æsthetic quality and a certain actuality of likeness, of pose, of ribbons and buttons even. That the sea-breezes of the Beresford picture blew never on land or sea, but only in the studio of Mr. Furse, or rather in his artistic imagination, is no reproach in the case of a canvas frankly treated according to familiar eighteenth-century conventions. The ambition of broad brush-work has justified itself in "The Return from the Ride," the large canvas in which Mr. Furse makes a record of two friends—a young couple, the wife an inheritor of a literary name. In this original composition, the man is mounted on a black horse; the lady, in a hooped violet silk dress reminiscent of the Pre-Raphaelites, walks by his side. A dog gives a note of silver grey; and a Panama hat adds a batch of whiter colour, not altogether in harmony with the rich darks of a Gainsborough-like landscape in the background. There is modernity and there is romance in the presentment, which has caught great traditions, and yet attains to individual freedom. Every fresh visit paid to this picture increases the admiration felt for it from the first, and Mr. and Mrs. Waterfield must be congratulated on a really enviable possession.

Mr. Shannon's six portraits do less than justice to a brush that is surely too facile to allow itself to sink into the mannerism he exhibits in complexions and hair. For young and old, the dowager and the page, he has one handling, one set of properties. Almost, we might say, he sees the texture of their skins, the colour of their hair, through one medium. Mr. Shannon has gifts which take him very far; and one cannot but regret his tendency to place impediments in his own upward path. He must, if he wishes to gain and keep high rank, be less of the fashionable portrait-painter, and more of the delineator of what he really loves and observes—the members of his family, for example, or the flower-woman whom he encountered on one of his holidays and studied at leisure without reference to a sitter's chart. Those who remember the canvases thus produced will not be able to pay him unreserved compliments on his "Mrs. Ansell," his "Miss Dulcie Lawrence-Smith," his "Mrs. Lazarus and Daughter," his "Mrs. Henri Rivière," or even the more cleanly-painted "One of King Edward the Seventh's Pages at his Majesty's Coronation: George Francis Augustus, Lord Vernon."

The mention of the last canvas reminds us of the main Coronation illustration to be found on the walls of the same room, the work of the new Associate, Mr. Bacon. "The Homage-Giving," which falls far short of the same artist's City picture last year, displays, nevertheless, a certain facility in the massing of groups and in the delineation of individual likenesses. The peers and the Princesses who are studded about are recognisable, if not much more. The King bends forward to receive the homage of the Archbishop of Canterbury, but the attitude of the Prelate is less than happy. He seems to be taking a part in some crawling nursery game. Man on all fours does not make for dignity; and the only ecclesiastic who reverted in daily life to that ancient carriage did so in mediæval Italy as a protest against man's pretensions and in order to be reckoned a fool for Heaven's sake. It is a pleasure to catch a sidelong glance of "The Chess-Players," in which Mr. Melton Fisher attains what Mr. Bacon misses, grace and reality of action—a rare conjunction. One misses it from Mr. Orchardson's "Mrs. Siddons in the Studio of Sir Joshua Reynolds." That painter is not even looking at the performer. He has taken off his spectacles, and his eyes are wandering. He is an unsubstantial Sir Joshua, not more alive than the sketch made on the canvas on which is seen the beginning of a masterpiece. Indeed, the whole scene leaves us with the impression given by so much of Mr. Orchardson's recent work—that he is two removes from life, and is painting not the scene, but a picture of a picture of it.

Mr. Clausen and Mr. La Thangue may have painted, in past years, pictures even more salient than any exhibited this year; but they alone among living English artists could achieve the "Dusk" and the "Provençal Winter" which flank the entrance-door of Gallery No. 2. Both pictures require more detachment from discordant surroundings, more repose, and a better distance and point of view for the spectator than the Academy hanging affords. Even so, Mr. Clausen is seen to have produced a masterpiece in the haystack, especially in the foreground, which lies in shadow. The bars of elemental colour on the horizon, and their reflections in the heavens, may at first tease the eye a little, but not for long. They cannot obliterate the rare and delicate beauty of the tree-stems in brown shadow, the dusky water, the idyllic figure of the bending boy. A very different eye has been brought to Nature by Mr. La Thangue—a literalist, if ever there was one. While Mr. Clausen steadily recedes from out-of-door exactitude, from keeping a booked appointment with Nature at a certain hour for a certain effect, Mr. La Thangue becomes more and more of a precisian. Where results are in both cases so admirable we need not quarrel with a difference of methods, the more so as Mr. La Thangue this year has achieved in his "Mowing Bracken" a triumph, not only of truth, but also of beauty. The strong afternoon sunshine sets his canvas all aglow; it fills the air; it illuminates half the face of the mower, and it permeates the distant hill with a faint gold glory. So many reapers, in these undramatic days, do not reap on canvas that the repetition of the poet, "only reapers reaping early," gets a new meaning. Mr. La Thangue's reapers really reap.

The Simplest Truths are Mightiest in their Force!! IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN!

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been."

'Her joy was Duty, And love was Law.'

ONE OF THE BRIGHTEST POETIC GEMS:
MAUD MULLER.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.
Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.
Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.
But when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,
The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—
A wish, that she hardly dare to own,
For something better than she had known.
The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.
He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees to greet the maid,
And asked a draught from the spring that
flowed

Through the meadow across the road.
She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,
And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare and her tattered gown.
"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter
draught

From a fairer hand was never quaffed."
He spoke of the grass and flowers and
trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming
bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered
whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul
weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown,
And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.
At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.
Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me!
"That I the Judge's bride might be!
"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
"And praise and toast me at his wine.
"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
"My brother should sail a painted boat;
"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
"And the baby should have a new toy each
day.
"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
"And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.
"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
"Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet:

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
"Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,
"But low of cattle and song of birds,
"And health and quiet and loving words."



Maud Muller.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
"Show her wise and good as she is fair.
"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
"Like her, a harvester of hay:

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.
So closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in Court an old love tune:
And the young girl mused beside the well
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.
He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.
Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;
And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.
Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;
And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.
And the proud man sighed with a secret pain,
"Ah that I was free again!
"Free, as when I rode that day,
"Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."
She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.
But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.
And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow-plot,
And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,
In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein.
And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.
Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;
The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,
And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,
A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.
Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."
Alas! for maiden, alas! for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!
God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.
For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been."
Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;
And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

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LADIES' PAGES.

A novel experiment in charitable entertainment is to be made under the auspices of Lady Derby and many other leading London hostesses in the shape of a ball which is to take place in the vast area of the Royal Albert Hall. The object to be benefited is the London Hospital. There will be room for three thousand persons to dance at one time, and inasmuch as many leaders of society are making up private parties to go, and this fact always attracts a large contingent of the well-to-do middle classes, it is quite possible that the unique spectacle of that immense crowd of dancers may be seen on the occasion! Some people who do not dance are taking boxes in order to look on at the sight. The price of the tickets is fixed moderately enough at one guinea, to include supper. The dance will take place on June 9.

Again the perennial controversy about the employment of children upon the stage is being revived. There has been a proposal placed before Parliament to prohibit the appearance on the stage of any child under fourteen years of age. Stage children contribute to the comfort of their own lives by aiding the income of their families by means which most unquestionably to themselves seem delightful. When this question was raised some years ago, a former editor of the *Lady's Pictorial* especially asked me to visit Madame Katti Lanner's School of Stage-Dancing, to inquire for myself among the children whom she was at that moment training for the Drury Lane pantomime what were their feelings and wishes, and their family circumstances. I went accordingly, and, speaking to me alone, one and all of the youngsters assured me that they loved their lessons and their work. The best proof of the genuine nature of this statement was given by the fact that the younger children, when told to stand out from the lesson because a dance was to be practised in which they were not required, instead of sitting down and resting, went on dancing on their own account, and for their own diversion, in the corners of the room, to the music that was being played. It was sport to them, not toil. Further inquiry convinced me that in most cases the money they earned was needed at home, and was also largely spent for their own benefit.

Of course a child employed on the stage must go to bed later than the average child in a nursery does; but so long as a sufficient number of hours are passed in sleep it is really a matter of indifference which are the hours that are so spent. Our ancestors, who had no artificial light but the miserable flame of a candle made



A VISITING DRESS IN VOILE.

by dipping rushes in melted fat, retired to bed soon after the sun had gone down, and rose with the early gleams of daylight, at all times of the year. Their descendants, who think even in the country that nine or ten o'clock is early enough, are a longer-lived and harder-worked race. Again, there are thousands of healthy people whose work is wholly at night, and who always sleep in the day; and even the sailor-boys, who have to take their rest in snatches and keep watch in between, do not seem to suffer from this arrangement. We may be quite sure that the clever child who can earn by a couple of hours in the theatre at night more than her father by his whole day's hard labour will be well looked after by her mother; that she will have her sleep, her food, and all the care required to keep the valuable little wage-earner in good condition. It is the same with their education. The theatre-manager is obliged to see that they have their proper school hours, and they will be educated. As to the morals of the question, it is to be remembered that this is not for these children a choice between being in a warm, snug nursery with toys, books, and somebody to look after them; but, on the contrary, generally a choice simply between being in a warm and decent theatre and in the streets of London. Up any poor side-street you will see the youngsters of the same class of society loitering around the bright doors of the public-houses and wandering in the gutters at the identical hours when the fortunate children selected for the theatre are in the green-room and on the stage.

In the sad death, at still an early age, of Madame Sibyl Sanderson, who ten or twelve years ago was a great favourite in the Italian Opera in London, there is more than one moral. To begin with, there is that which many a favourite of the public has failed to realise till she had done the deed of abdicating her throne—that an artist is generally not happy in leaving the career which she has marked out for herself. Madame Nordica was off the stage for a few years as the wife of a very rich man, and when I asked her if she had liked her holiday, the prima donna frankly replied that there was hardly an evening on which she did not regret her meetings with her beloved public and her stage triumphs. A well-known actress who had left the stage under similar circumstances replied to my question, "Do you like leaving off acting?" by another which she thought justly settled the question, "Would you like to leave off writing?" So poor Sibyl Sanderson, too, found that wealth that had not to be worked for did not mean the happiness which in moments of weariness or discouragement workers are apt to suppose

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it must spell. Another lesson lies in the fact that she brought on her illness in the first place by dieting herself too severely to avoid becoming stout. The late Empress of Austria made the same mistake. Of course, there is no doubt that a slender, graceful figure is absolutely the most important point about retaining an appearance of youth and freshness; but it is a charm that may be gained too dearly, for the human economy must be supplied adequately with fuel, and it is especially the nervous system which is likely to give way if the necessary supplies are refused. Thus it was that Sibyl Sanderson, who a short time ago seemed to have such a great career before her, died paralysed, and tragically saddened and alone, at quite an early age.

Whoever invented the process known as mercerising deserves a vote of thanks, for the appearance of cotton goods so treated is nearly equal to silk. Cottons which have been mercerised have all the surface and softness of satin foulard with the price of cotton. They are trimmed as elaborately as the finer materials with abundance of lace or fancy galons and passementeries of many kinds, the favourite trimmings being in Russian designs and tints. But most costumes also sport some kind of "dingle-dangles" or "blobs." Fringes, however, I must tell you, are decidedly the most up-to-date trimming. Get a little fringe in the trimming of your dress, and it produces immediately that indefinable and valuable look of newness that we all desire. At present most of the fringe used is quite narrow, about the depth of the thumb-nail; but some of it is very much wider, and it is rather good to have a narrow fringe on the bodice and the top of the skirt (as, for instance, edging the hip yoke-piece into which a pleated skirt is put), and a wider fringe of the same design round the lower portion of the skirt.

Even in mornings, and, of course, so much the more at afternoon parties, a great deal of jewellery is displayed. Pearls, the effective and becoming single row in particular, finish the throat above the low collar of a cotton gown or surround the base of the transparent lace throatlet of a muslin frock. As pearls grow more costly every month, this fact would be one for many of us to deplore but for the valuable manufactures of the Parisian Diamond Company, which meet the case at a very moderate cost. Their pearls are quite special, not a bit like common imitations, and can




A SMART HIGH-NECKED EVENING GOWN

be fearlessly exposed to the sun's candid critical light. They are so cleverly strung, too, those pearls; not too monotonous in shape and "skin," but with just the same degree of variety that would be seen in the natural product. If you lack this becoming and fashionable ornament, therefore, you should supply the want at once at 143, Regent Street, or 85, New Bond Street; or Burlington Arcade.

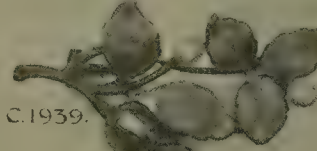
Our elegant French neighbours are specially famous for the production of all articles in which refinement and good taste are most important. Bonbons hold a very prominent place among the manufactures in which the French are supreme. Do we not all know how high-class is the very best Parisian confectionery? "Chocolat Lombart" is perhaps the most delicious even among French manufactures of this class. The house is the oldest of its kind in France, having been founded under Louis XV. in 1760. The whole process of manufacturing chocolate, whether for drinking or for bonbons, is carried on under the most sanitary conditions in the neighbourhood of Paris; from sorting the beans to free them from all impurity, up to the packing of the delicious chocolate bonbons in dainty cases finished with the fine taste which is the special property of the French workwoman. Besides the eating-chocolate and the "granulated" manufacture which serves to make the delicious chocolate that we all know and enjoy when we go to France, the house of Lombart makes all sorts of other bonbons, dragées, pastilles, and fruits confits. When I ask for any of these Lombart dessert bonbons at my confectioner's I know I am not going to be disappointed in the quality.

Jewellers are well aware that a great many smart men have left off wearing watches in the evening, notwithstanding the inconvenience of being without "the time," because they will not submit to the disfigurement caused by the ordinary watch pushing out the vest-pocket. Mr. Hamilton, of 202, Regent Street, the well-known jeweller, has seen his opportunity, and has devoted himself for some time to making "the thinnest watch in the world." He has actually produced a man's keyless watch with works not thicker than a five-shilling piece. These are inclosed in a gold case, and the watch is an excellent time-keeper. He also makes a lady's watch, the works of which are the thickness of a half-crown only. These remarkable time-keepers can be seen at his show-rooms, 202, Regent Street.

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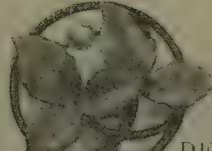
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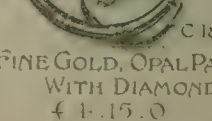
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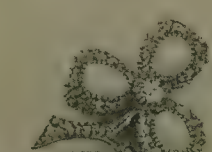
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

No fewer than four prelates—the Bishops of Winchester, St. Albans, Exeter, and Newcastle—did homage

last June, Bishop Moule made a touching and graceful reference to the conversation he had with King Edward on the occasion of doing homage. This speech, in which the Bishop alluded to the King's kindness

incumbency of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate. This is deeply regrettable from the point of view of the Cathedral congregations; as the Bishop is by far the ablest preacher now left to our Metropolitan church.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE ZARIBA AT BOHOTLE, AS SEEN FROM THE LOOK-OUT.



THE CROW'S NEST, OR LOOK-OUT, AT THE FORT, BOHOTLE.

THE SUSPENDED OPERATIONS IN SOMALILAND: A POST OF OBSERVATION.

SKETCHES (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE EXPEDITION.

At Bohotle the British have concentrated since the great disaster, and a court of inquiry has been formed there to investigate the loss of Colonel Plunkett's detachment.

to the King on Saturday, May 16. The insignia of the Order of the Garter were conferred on Dr. Ryle. It is rarely that any Bishop refers in after years to the interview with the Sovereign which precedes his enthronement; but when his Majesty lay dangerously ill

and consideration, as well as to his interest in Church affairs, was made at the intercessory meeting in the Queen's Hall.

The Bishop of Stepney will vacate his canonry of St. Paul's when he succeeds Bishop Ridgeway in the

Dr. Lang's magnificent voice, attractive delivery, and frank, original outlook on the problems of Church and State have won for him the respect and affection of thousands of Londoners. Bereft of him, the Cathedral staff will be poor indeed, and the declining figures of

HOVENDEN'S "EASY" HAIR CURLER

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UNQUESTIONABLE TESTIMONIALS.

"26, Boulevard Magenta, Paris, July 15, 1898.

"The Dubonnet Tonic Wine, which you have had the kindness to submit to me, seems to me a marvellous tonic. I shall have great pleasure in recommending it to my patients. Its composition is perfect, and it is evident that the articles of which it is composed are the best stimulating ingredients known. There is no doubt, therefore, that its effects will be most salutary.

"Docteur PAUL PENNEL, Médecin des Hôpitaux, Consulting Physician to the Schools of Children of Paris."

"MM. DUBONNET FRÈRES.

"My daughter desires me to thank you for the benefit she has derived from the Tonic Wine. She has now quite recovered her health, her appetite, and her colour. Two months ago she was always languid, and complained of perpetual fatigue.

"Thanks to your wonderful tonic she is now completely set up again, and I must beg you to accept from me the heartfelt gratitude of a mother to the preserver of her child.

"I authorise you to publish this letter, and shall be glad if it should prove of assistance to other mothers.

"I remain, dear Sirs, yours faithfully, Madame JAVEY."

"Paris, April 3, 1899.

"Dear Sirs,—Will you send me 12 bottles again? I am leaving for Nice on my automobile car, and I want your tonic on the way. I expect I shall be a running advertisement for you, as I like it very much indeed.

"12, Rue Portalis."

"Yours truly, LEON OMAI-ALAIN."

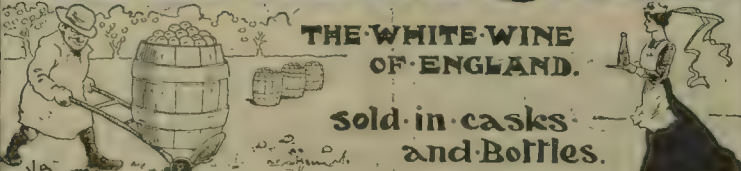
Can be obtained from all Chemists, Wine Merchants, Grocers, Stores, &c. Price 2/6 per large bottle.

Order locally, but if any difficulty in obtaining "Dubonnet Tonic Wine," write to the Sole Agents for the United Kingdom and Colonies,

INGRAM & ROYLE, Ltd., 26, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C.

Who will forward one dozen bottles on receipt of 30/-

From Orchard to Table. BULMER'S CIDER



THE WHITE WINE
OF ENGLAND.

Sold in casks
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Book on Cider (free) Prices &c. from H.P. BULMER & Co.
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"The Universal Perfume"



Most delightful,
Most refreshing,
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MURRAY
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Florida Water

FOR THE

HANDKERCHIEF
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More Sprightly and
Invigorating than Cologne.

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Unlike all others, better than all others. Gives the most wear-proof shine ever known. Holds the record for keeping the boots brilliant as the sun, soft as the moon. No acid in it. Nothing but leather food with the shine in it.

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Get the Genuine at all Boot Stores, and see that it bears the name of "C. L. Hauthaway & Sons, Sole Makers, Boston, U. S. A."

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CANADIAN CLUB WHISKY.

4/- PER BOTTLE 48/- PER CASE

Age and genuineness of this Whisky are guaranteed by the Excise Dept of the Canadian Govt by Certificate over the capsule of every bottle.

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TRY IT IN YOUR BATH.

SCRUBB'S CLOUDY FLUID AMMONIA

MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.

Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.

Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.

Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.

Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.

Invigorating in Hot Climates.

Restores the Colour to Carpets.

Cleans Plate and Jewellery.

Softens Hard Water.

Price 1s. per Bottle.

Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.

None Genuine without the Signature of Scrubb & Co. on each Bottle.

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is the delightful, mellow
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and the only genuine
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is that made by
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the original label
the words

"Lazenby's
Sauce"



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MAKES
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THE IZAL RULES OF HEALTH,

By Dr. Andrew Wilson,

Giving full instructions for use, will be sent, post free,
on application to the Manufacturers—

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Thorncliffe, near Sheffield.

the Sunday attendances, as shown by the *Daily News* census, are likely to sink still lower.

No missionary has been more popular this season than the Rev. G. J. Peek, a clergyman who works among the Esquimaux in the remote north of America. I had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Peek at a C.M.S. meeting last week, and was fascinated by his tale of travel and adventure. He was the first agent sent out by the Society to the Esquimaux of Hudson's Bay, though the Moravians had already done valuable work in this field. In his first eight years Mr. Peek had only eighty Esquimaux converts, but the mission is now progressing more rapidly, and he returns in July full of hope and faith. It is said that Mr. Peek was the last British subject to hear of the death of Queen Victoria, as it took seven months for a letter to reach him from England.

The private gathering of the Bishops, which Dr. Benson introduced with so much success in 1888, was held at Lambeth Palace this week. The first day was occupied with devotional exercises, and the second with the discussion of Church affairs. Writing of the first "Bishops' quiet day," in his diary, Archbishop Benson said, "The very silent praying in the church was very touching to me. Even a very few years ago, how impossible it would have seemed!"

Father Waggett has been giving a post-Easter course of sermons at St. Mark's, Marylebone Road, and several distinguished scholars have promised to preach here



A GOLFING SHIELD IN SOLID SILVER.

Presented by Sir Samuel Scott, Bart., to the new Sundridge Park Golf Club, opened by the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour. It was manufactured by the Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company, 188, Oxford Street, W., and 125 and 126, Fenchurch Street, E.C.

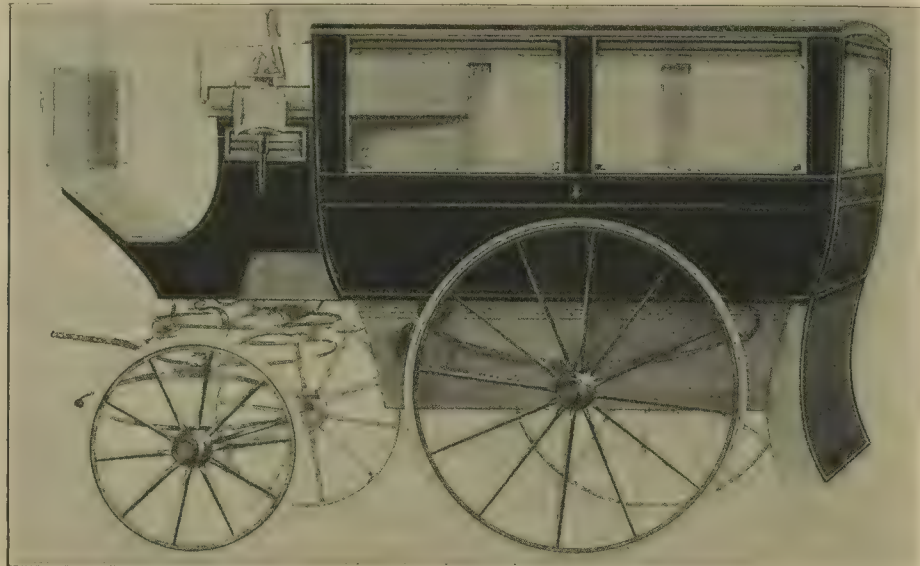
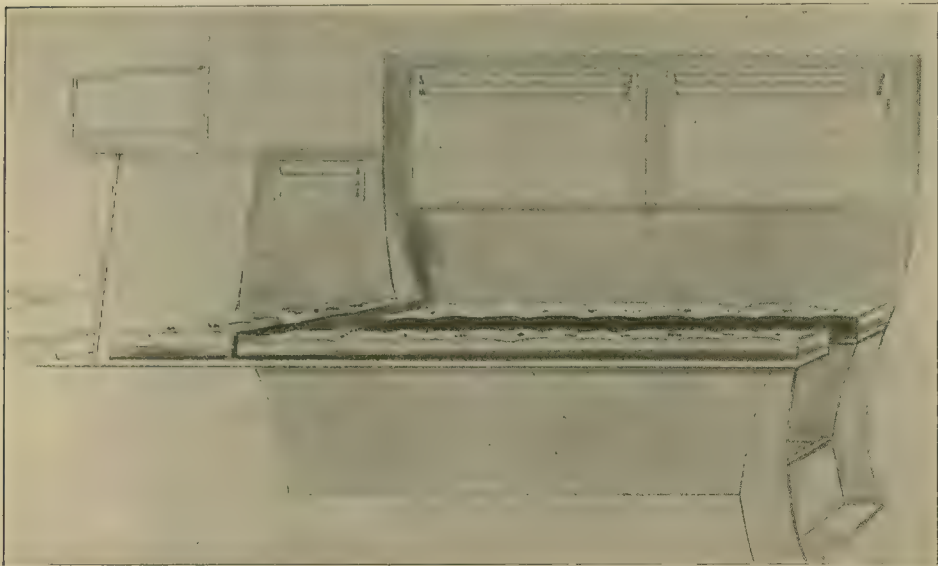
during the season. Father Adderley's energy as Vicar is the wonder and the admiration of Marylebone.

The consecration of the new Bishop of Zululand, the Rev. Wilmot L. Vyvyan, took place at St. Saviour's Cathedral, Maritzburg, on Ascension Day. The Bishop is returning to England for the autumn in order to obtain more clergy and support for his diocese.

Last Saturday the Archbishop of Canterbury dedicated the new steam-yacht *Southern Cross*, which will be used for work in the Melanesian Islands. Among the most zealous friends of the mission in England is Bishop Montgomery, who visited the islands during his Tasmanian episcopate. The ship was on view last week in the East India Dock, and many ticket-holders took the opportunity of visiting it.

The Right Rev. W. W. Perrin, Bishop of British Columbia, has arrived in England, and is the guest of Archdeacon Wilberforce at 20, Dean's Yard, Westminster.

Principal Forsyth made an interesting speech at the hundredth anniversary of Hackney College. He claimed that Congregationalism had always stood for a ministry at once educated and evangelical, and a course of five years' training was obligatory on the students. The College is now an integral part of London University. Amongst other speakers at the centenary were Dr. Godrich, Dr. Mackennal, Dr. John Hunter, and Dr. Vaughan Pryce.



A SCHOOL OMNIBUS FOR INVALID CHILDREN: INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR.

The conveyance to and from school of crippled and infirm children has lately been facilitated by the omnibus here illustrated. The vehicle holds twelve children and a nurse. At the extreme end is a deep recess, to accommodate two patients in a recumbent position. The makers are Messrs. Leveson and Sons, 90 and 92, New Oxford Street.

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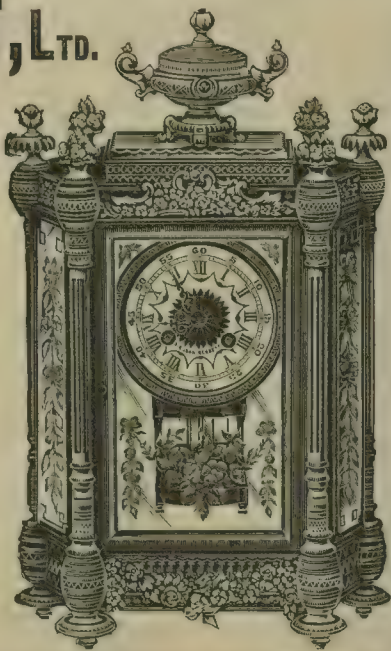
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Jim Dumps asked in a friend to tea.
A vegetarian friend was he.
Thus argued Jim: "Now I prefer
To be a Forcetarian, sir.
I'm sure it is a better whim,
Because by 'Force' I'm 'Sunny Jim.'"

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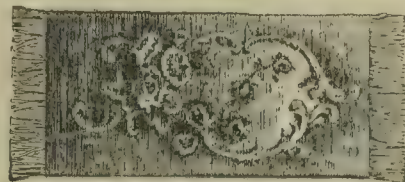
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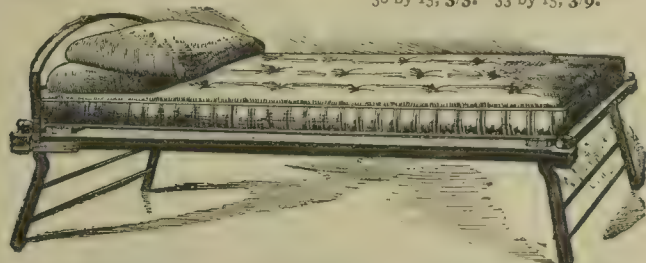
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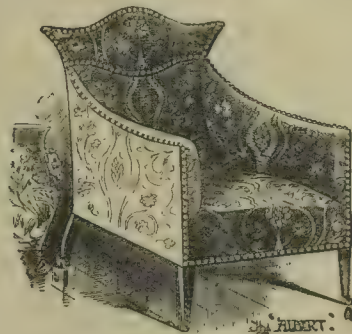
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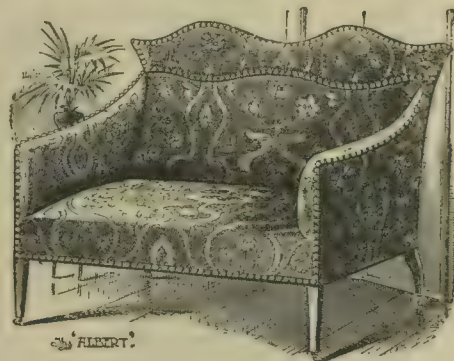
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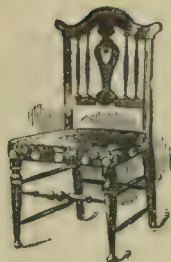
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Strong Iron Folding Bedstead, with woven wire mattress bottom, complete with
overlay mattress, bolster, and feather pillow, 2 ft. 6 in. wide by 6 ft. long, price 15/9.
Folds quite flat when not required for use.
Sheets for above, 4/11 per pair. Blankets, 7/6 per pair.
Quilts, White or Coloured, 2/11 each.



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THE "ALBERT" EASY CHAIR.
Well Upholstered, Spring Stuffed, and Covered with
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WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAY TRIPS.

The South-Eastern and Chatham Railway announce that special excursion tickets will be issued to Paris, via Folkestone and Boulogne, by the service leaving Charing Cross at 2.20 p.m. on May 29, 30, and 31, and by the 10 a.m. and 2.20 p.m. services on Saturday, May 30. They will also be issued by the night mail-service, leaving Charing Cross at 9 p.m. and Cannon Street at 9.5 p.m. each evening from May 28 to 31 inclusive, via Dover and Calais, returning from Paris at 2.40 p.m. via Boulogne, or 8.40 p.m. via Calais, any day within fourteen days. A cheap excursion to Boulogne will leave Charing Cross at 2.20 p.m. on Saturday, May 30; returning at 12.5 or 7.10 p.m. on Whit Monday. Cheap return tickets, for a period of eight days, will be issued at Charing Cross from May 27 to June 1 inclusive, available by the 10 a.m. and 2.20 p.m. services. Similar tickets will also be issued to Calais by the 9 a.m. and 9 p.m. services. On Whit Sunday and Whit Monday special day excursions will be run to Boulogne and Calais. Cheap tickets to Brussels by the Calais, Boulogne, and Ostend routes will be issued from May 27 to June 1 inclusive, available for eight days.

The Great Eastern Railway Company announce cheap excursions for the Whitsuntide holidays from London to the east coast watering-places, the Norfolk Broads, and the principal towns in Cambridge, Suffolk, and Norfolk. Excursion tickets will also be issued to the chief towns in Scotland, the North of England, and

Edwinstowe (for "The Dukeries"), etc. For the convenience of passengers detained at business until late on the evening of Saturday, the 30th, special midnight trains will leave Liverpool Street for Cambridge, Ipswich, Lowestoft, and Yarmouth, calling at the chief intermediate stations. The midnight supper-train will leave for Colchester and Clacton-on-Sea as usual.

The North London Railway's Whitsuntide holiday arrangements include trains every few minutes to and from Shoreditch for Standard Theatre, the "London" and "Cambridge" Music Halls (variety entertainments); to and from Dalston Junction for the Alexandra Theatre and the Dalston Theatre. Every fifteen minutes there will be a service to Chalk Farm for the Zoological Gardens; every half-hour trains will run to and from Kew Bridge, and every hour to and from Richmond.

The success which attended the experiment made by the Pacific Steam Navigation Company in sending their new Orient Pacific liner *Orita* on a yachting cruise to the Mediterranean at Easter while awaiting her date of sailing to Australia has induced the directors, for the same reason, to send the twin-screw steam-ship *Ortona*, of 8000 tons and 8000-horse power to Norway. The *Ortona* will make two cruises, the first commencing on June 13 from Liverpool, and the second trip on July 2, the time occupied being respectively sixteen and twenty-five days. The itinerary comprises such quaint and interesting places as Trondhjem, Molde, Naes, Geiranger, Saebo, Gudvangen, Bergen, and Odde.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Sept. 30, 1901) of Mr. William Thomas Miskin, of the Court Yard House, Eltham, who died on April 8, was proved on May 14 by Mrs. Emma Miskin, the widow, the value of the estate being £97,026. The testator gives all his personal property to his wife, and all his real estate to his daughter, Mabel Caroline Miskin.

The will (dated June 4, 1901) of Mrs. Helen Corscaden, of 24, Holland Park, who died on March 17, was proved on May 9 by William Findlater and Thomas Vacher Low, the value of the estate being £84,764. The testatrix gives £10,000 to William Gallagher Corscaden; £1000 each to Lucy, Robina, and Frances Gamble; £1000 to John T. C. Gamble; £7000 each to Alexander Findlater and Herbert Snowden Findlater; £1000 each to Claude Vacher Low and Reginald Low; an annuity of £500 to her brother Joseph; £25 to the Vicar of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, for the Working Men's Club; £2000 to Robert Corscaden Gamble; £3000, in trust, for Susanna Snowden Lloyd for life, and then for her children; and other legacies. The residue of her property she leaves between William Findlater, Charles Arthur Findlater, and Susanna Snowden Lloyd.

The will (dated Dec. 10, 1900), with a codicil (dated April 8, 1902), of Mr. Edward Latham, of 14, Kent Terrace, Regent's Park, and Southacre, Cambridge, who died on March 30, was proved on May 15 by



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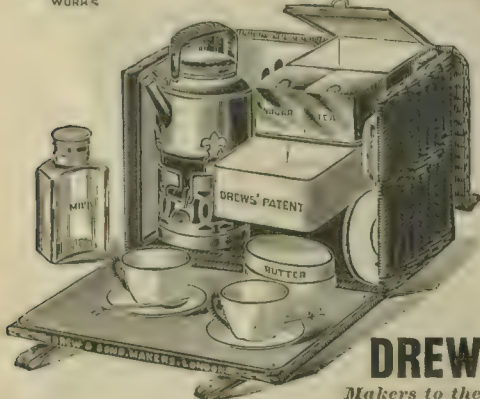
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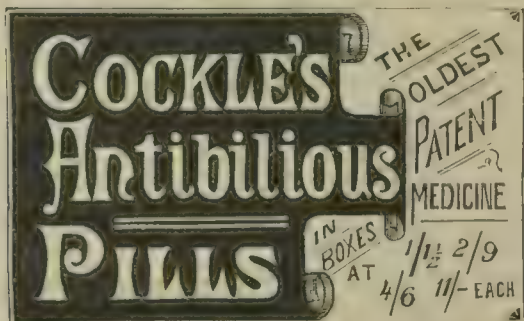
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TOOTH PASTE
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Antiseptic and Aromatic
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Children, adults, and elderly people often experience this curious and not altogether pleasant sensation. To keep constantly taking food, either liquid or solid, is injurious; and one should remember that the stomach requires at times a certain amount of rest. This feeling of hunger is to be properly and safely appeased by

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CAW'S SAFETY FOUNTAIN PEN

"Write till your ink be dry."
—SHAKESPEARE.



Then detach the ingenious cap from the ink reservoir and fill up again.

CAW'S NEW "SAFETY" FOUNTAIN PEN is nearer perfection than anything on the market, has an easy regulated flow. Is quite ink-tight, cannot leak, and may therefore be carried in any position in the pocket. Has perfectly fitting parts, is easily cleaned and easily filled. No Blots, No Smears, No Scratches, No Inky Fingers. Will last the average lifetime.
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NO. 1. GIVES 5000 FLASHES. PRICE 12/6. REFILLS 1/6.

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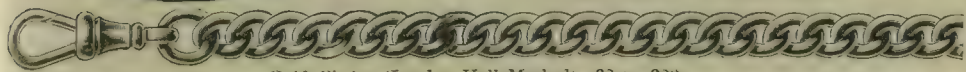
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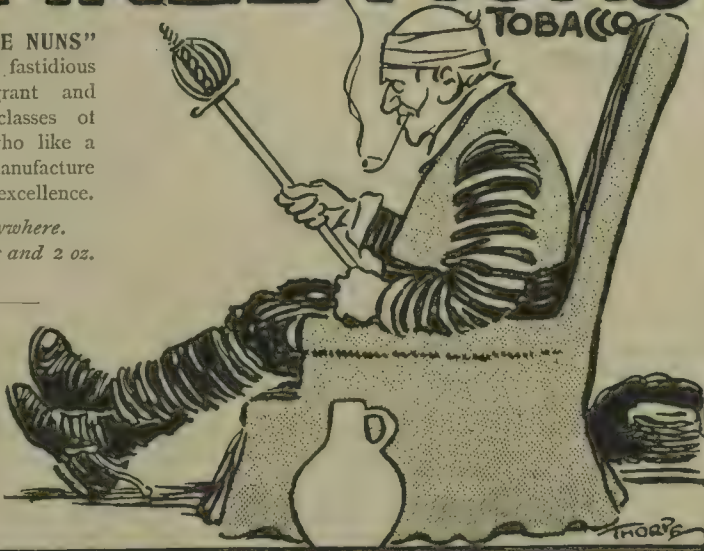
Of uniform quality, "THREE NUNS" never disappoints the most fastidious smoker. Singularly fragrant and pleasant, it pleases all classes of smokers; but for those who like a stronger tobacco we manufacture "KING'S HEAD," of similar excellence.

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Mrs. Annie May Latham, the widow of his deceased son Edward John, the value of the estate being £74,188. The testator gives the vase and two goblets presented to his grandfather by the late Duke of Cumberland and other gold and silver plate to his daughter-in-law for life, and then to the Warden and Fellows of Trinity Hall, Cambridge; and £100 each to his sister Mary Delamour Wilson, his godson John Frederick Latham Palmour, Mrs. Augusta Wilson, Emily Gaitskill, Catharina Toddy, and Mrs. Frederica Palmour. The residue of his property he leaves to his said daughter-in-law.

The will of Mr. James Stevenson, of 7, Cromwell Road, South Kensington, and 123, Bishopsgate Street Within, who died on March 7, was proved on May 16 by Mrs. Jessie Stevenson, the widow, William Stevenson, the brother, Archibald Macmillan, and Hugh de Heriz Wharton, the executors, the value of the estate being £56,368. The testator bequeaths £1000 and the household and domestic effects to his wife; £250 each to his other executors; and £250 each to the sons of his brother. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his

wife, for life, and then as she shall appoint to his children and their issue.

The will (dated Feb. 2, 1903) of Mrs. Jane Craigie, of Sands, West Kirby, Cheshire, and Plas Newydd, Denbigh, who died on April 14, widow of Dr. James Craigie, of Hoylake, was proved on May 18 by George Reid Craigie and Francis Louis Craigie, the sons, and George Percival Mason, the value of the estate being £50,292. Subject to specific gifts of jewels, furs, pictures, and furniture to her children, and a legacy of £600 for the education, etc., of her daughter Hilbre, the testatrix leaves all her property to her children, George Reid, Francis Louis, Athole, Elsie, Gwendoline, and Hilbre.

The will (dated Jan. 6, 1902), with a codicil (dated Jan. 25, 1903), of Colonel John Price, V.D., J.P., of Osborne Villas, Jesmond, Newcastle, a director of Messrs. C. S. Swan and Hunter, Limited, shipbuilders, Wallsend, who died on Jan. 27, was proved on May 7 by Frank Denton Price, the son, and James Owens Wylie, K.C., Alexander Morrison Rose, and Robert Morton Sutton, the sons-in-law, the executors, the value

of the estate being £42,070. The testator bequeaths a conditional legacy of £1000 to the trustees of his marriage settlement; £400 to his wife, Mrs. Mary Louise Price; and an annuity of £45 to his sister Eleanor Price while a spinster. The residue of his property he leaves to his children.

The Continental Gallery has had on view a collection of the landscapes of Miss Amy Atkinson. The French shepherd, who rules us from the canvases of so many masters, is here, too, clad in his long homespun coat, and helped by his staff at nightfall over the dunes. "The Homing Flock" and "Gathering Darkness" are the most beautiful of these in tone. The green uplands of the Boulogne country and the grassy slopes of the Pas de Calais are the artist's ground; and there is an Italian hillside for lovely setting to "The Shrine." A fine moonlight effect is achieved in "The Hamlet at Rest," and there is a particularly good rendering of light and shadow and reflection in "The Little Shepherdess."

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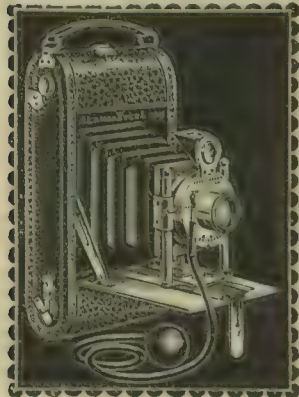
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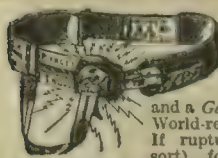
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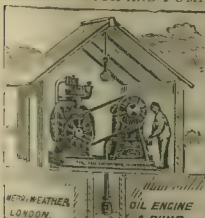
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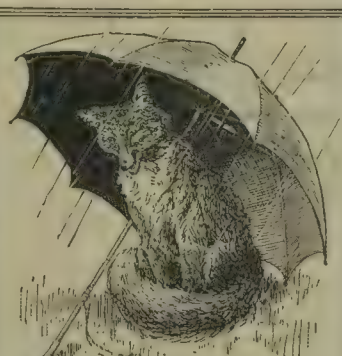
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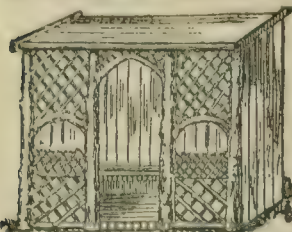
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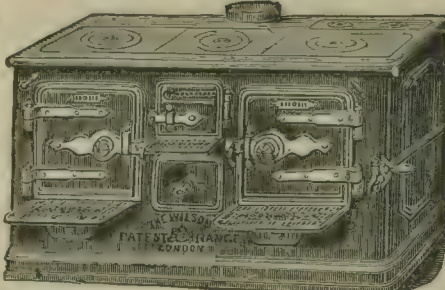
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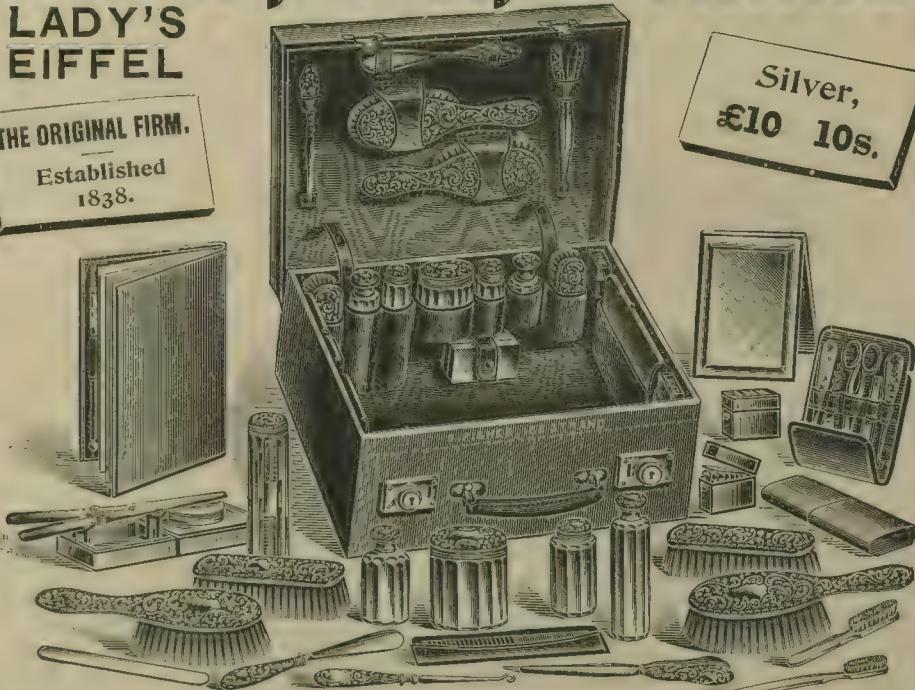


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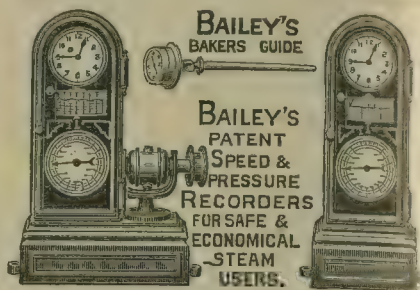
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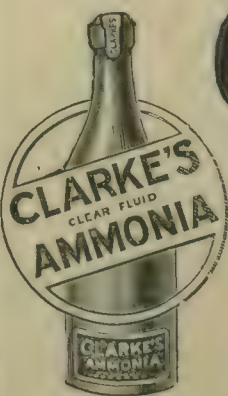
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For your Bath; for your Clothes; for your
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IT ENTIRELY REMOVES AND PREVENTS ALL
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SOFT, SMOOTH, AND WHITE

DURING THE TRYING CHANGES OF WEATHER AT
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DIEU ET MON DROIT

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REPRESENTATIVE WORKS.—II.



A SUMMER'S EVENING.—RIDGWAY KNIGHT.



THE VILLAGE STREET.—LUCY KEMP-WELCH.



H. J. LEVY, ESQ. SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, A.R.A.



MRS. F. M. DENNY.—WALTER W. OULESS, R.A.



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JANE M. DEALY.



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"DAYS BOUND EACH TO EACH IN NATURAL PIETY."—M. E. KINNON.



MRS. C. C. GREENWOOD AND DAUGHTER, FRANK O. SALISBURY.



MOUNTAIN MAJESTY, HARRY W. ADAMS.



"AUTUMN IN HER WEEDS O' YELLOW."
EDWARD W. WAITE.



"Alas! that Spring should vanish with the rose!
That youth's sweet-scented hours should close!"
MOUAT LOUDAN.



WITH LOVE AND KISSES.—CARLTON A. SMITH.



MAIN CHÂTIER.—E. BLAIR LEIGHTON.

Margaret of Scotland, Translaine of France, one day discovered Alain Châtier, the poet, asleep. In the presence of her attendants, she stooped and kissed his lips, saying: "Parce qu'elle avient dit de si belles choses."



LADY WINIFRED RENSHAW AND SON
HENRIETTA RAE.



THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.—HORACE H. CAUTY.



LEE'S FRAILTY.—T. LYBARK.



ON A FINE DAY.—ELIZABETH FORBES.

"Then singing, singing, to the river they ran. They ran, they ran to the river, the river."



FLOWER OF WIFEY PATIENCE.—GEORGE W. JOY.



HUNT THE SLIPPER.—FRED MORGAN.

By permission of Mrs. T. McKean, 7, Devonmarket, the publisher of the Photogram.



CHILDREN OF THE BEACH.—ROBERT MCGREGOR.



FAR FROM COURT AND FREE FROM CARE.—G. SHERIDAN KNOWLES.



PRESENTATION PORTRAIT: LIEUT.-COLONEL PROBYN, MAYOR OF WESTMINSTER, 1902.—P. TENNYSON-COLE.



"BEWARE!"—HORACE VAN RUIJTH.



THE HOME SQUADRON.—JOHN R. REID.



DAUGHTERS OF SIR A. HICKMAN, BART., M.P.—ARTHUR S. COPE, A.R.A.



MRS. O. MAXWELL AYRTON—ARTHUR HACKER, A.R.A.



MRS. J. ELLIS BRIGGS AND FAMILY.
RICHARD JACK.



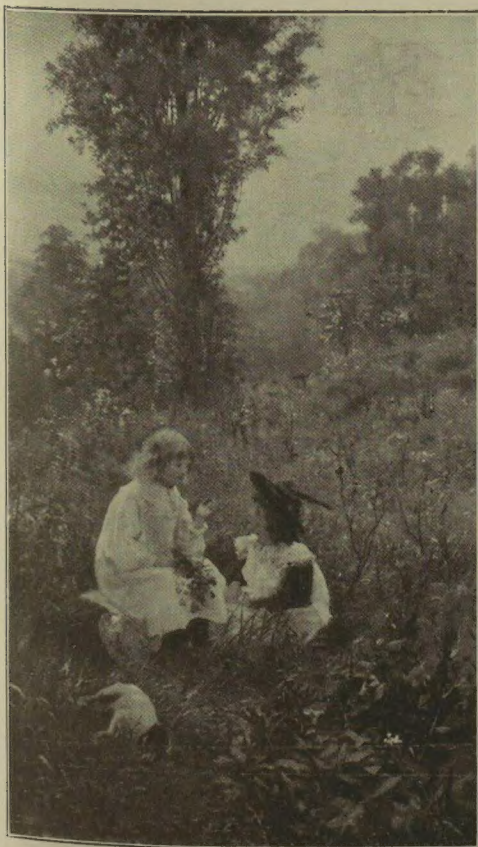
A COMING STORM.—B. W. LEADER, R.A.
By permission of Messrs. T. Agnew and Sons.



A BIRCH-CLAD HILL AND SHALLOW STREAM.—B. W. LEADER, R.A.
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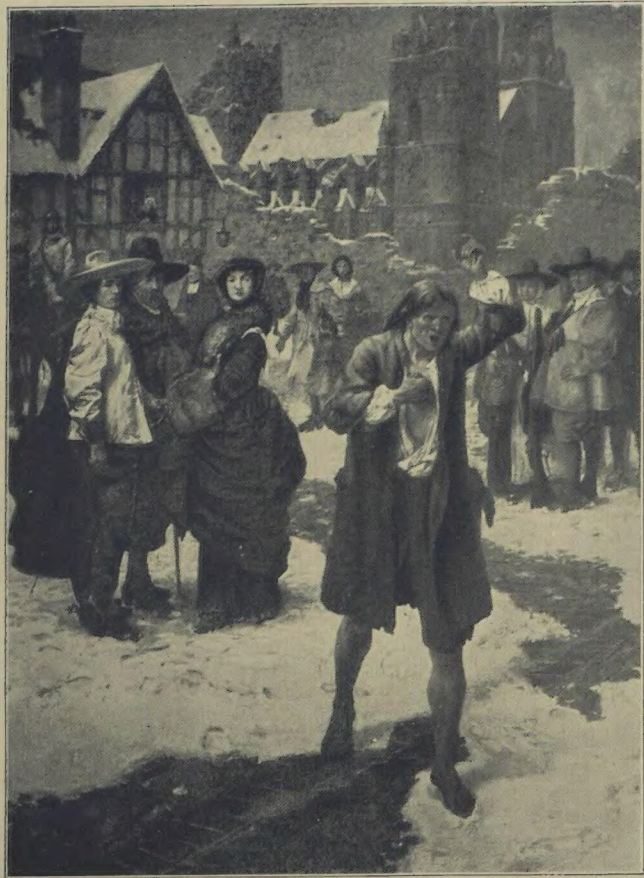
'TWIXT SPRING AND SUMMER.—L. C. NIGHTINGALE.



A FAIRY TALE.—MARIQUITA J. MOBERLY.



"BENEDICTIO NOVI MILITIS."—A. CHEVALLIER TAYLER.



GEORGE FOX AT LICHFIELD.—ROBERT SPENCE.



THE HUB OF THE EMPIRE.—W. L. WYLLIE, A.R.A.



"MY SON'S REGIMENT."—C. FORMILLI.



THEIR FAVOURITE SONG.—STEPHEN LEWIN.



THE PRODIGAL DAUGHTER.—HON. J. COLLIER.

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CHAIRS.WICKER PONY-
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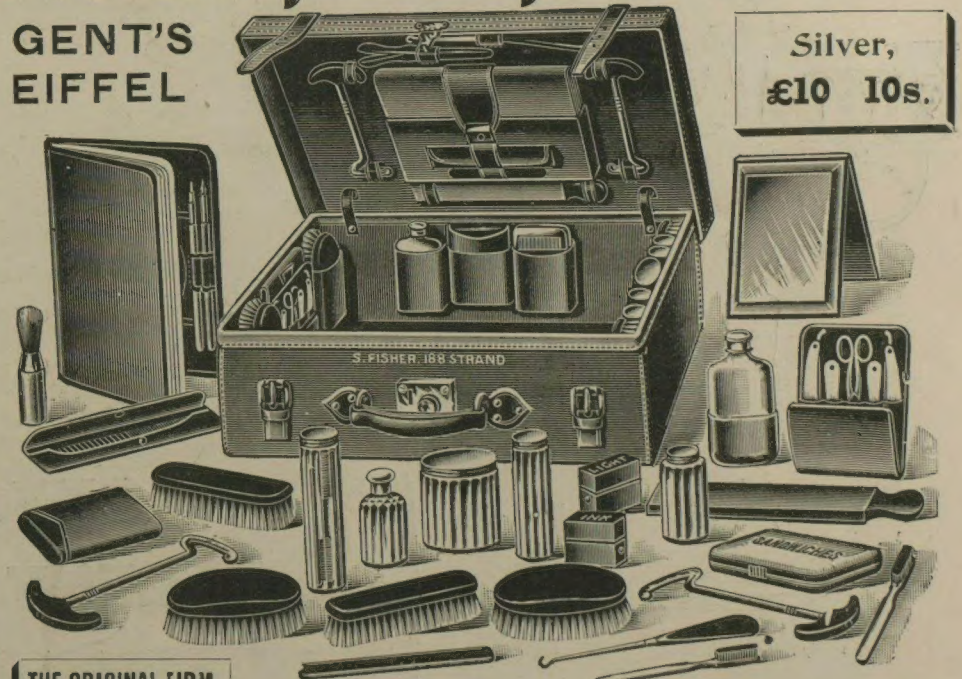
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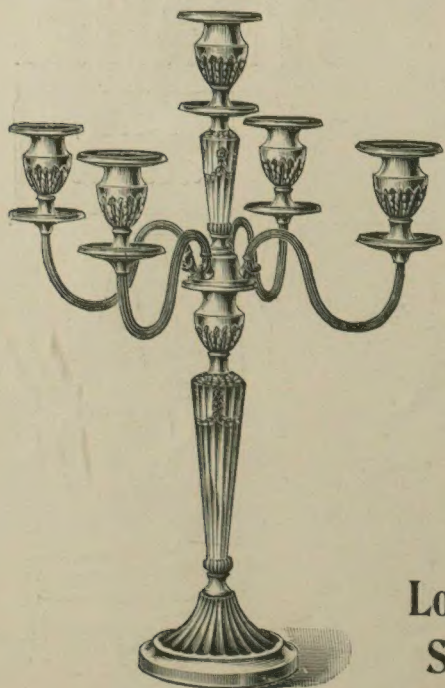
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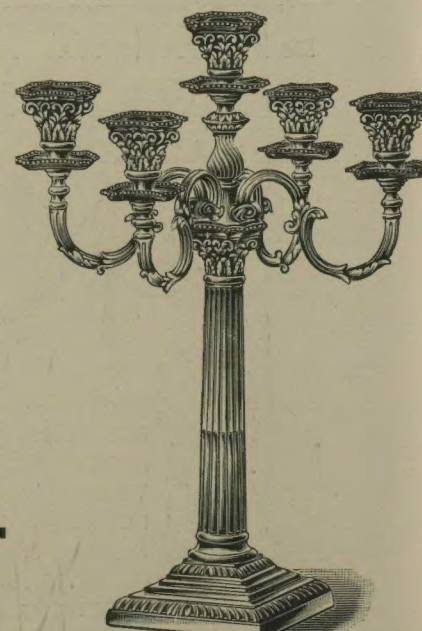
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